Week ending June 15 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

THE A.B.C. OF SAVING—No. 9

HOARDING MONEY

1 Ask any burglar the best place to keep your money. "Tuck it in the teapot," he'll tell you. "Put the notes under the mattress, or hide them at the bottom of a suitcase." Very handy — *for him!*

2 Bill Sykes has a way of finding hoarded money: a fire can destroy it and the suitcase can be lost.

3 *By far the best place for cash is in National Savings, where it's absolutely safe!* It'll beat the burglar. It can't be destroyed or burnt *and* it earns good interest.

HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

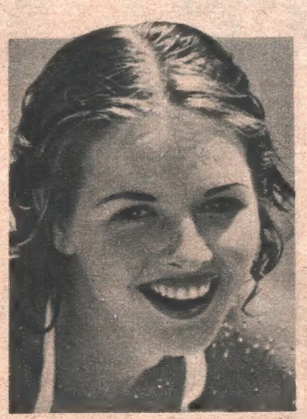
4 Let's look after our money properly. Let's invest in National Savings. Money hoarded in the home is only a source of worry — it can be a danger, too. Let's plump for the safety of National Savings, every time!

SAVE FOR PROSPERITY

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES, DEFENCE BONDS, POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Teeth made *whiter...*



...because of IRIUM*

Pepsodent whitens teeth quickly and *smoothly* — because it contains Irium. Safe, non-acid, non-alkaline, Irium gently dissolves film — dinginess and stains disappear, leaving teeth sparkling white.

** Irium is purified Sodium Lauryl Sulphate — the most effective tooth-cleaning agent known to dental science. It is found only in Pepsodent.*

Pepsodent (containing IRIUM) TOOTHPASTE

P.D. 114-1005-55

YOU deserve a Whitbread

but we cannot supply you with all you deserve unless you take those empty bottles back. The shortage of bottles has become acute—so please hunt round those cupboards and corners, and return *all* your empties to your supplier right away. It's heartbreaking for him to have to refuse an evident judge of good ale.

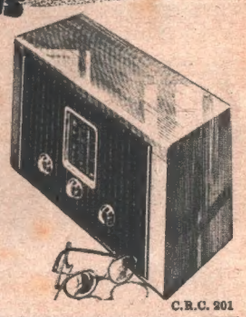
WHITBREAD

SUPERB PALE ALE

Viewed with the eyes of the past the general form and layout of chassis and components appear completely unconventional

Shucks to the chassis

Shucks if you like but the inside layout matters to you when you have to pay for service. The sets we're making to-day are easier to 'get at' than ever before. The U102 for example — the first of the 1946 range; operates on A.C. or D.C.; 3 Wave Bands, Short Medium and Long; and of course station names on the full-vision illuminated dial. Tell your Murphy Dealer you want to hear the U102. Price £15. *Plus purchase tax* £3.6.8.



murphy

Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C. 201

Take it from me-

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

For men in a hurry!

WARDONIA BLADES FOR QUICKER SHAVES

A Bulmer's Flagon full of sparkling delicious healthfulness—FIVE GLASSES FULL—what a cheerful picture! Pity supplies are still so short, but fair distribution offers everyone a share.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Hereford.

I

MELTICIPATING the return of

Meltis New Berry Fruits

Remember the wonderful Gooseberry flavour?

MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD

N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!

TELLENE POLISH

for

FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

- MADE FROM THE FINEST WAXES
- SAFE FOR THE MOST TREASURED FURNITURE
- ECONOMICAL
- EASY TO USE

7½D. TINS

A CRE-SOLVENT PRODUCT

Whether a sunny day means an afternoon's gardening with Master or a laze on the lawn while Mistress mends socks, Tilly loves it. For her master knows that 'one Bob Martin's once a day' guards against warm-weather blood disorders — scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite. It keeps a dog fit and friendly on the hottest day. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

ACHILLE SERRE

*Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus *Retex*

plus our proven

D.D.T MOTHPROOFING

*RETEX—Achille Serre's unique process of retexturing suits, costumes, coats, etc., which replaces the substance lost in wear.

PLEASE SEND FOR MY D.D.T. LEAFLET

K.12. ACHILLE SERRE, LONDON, E.17

S-s-h

he's sleeping

There's almost a smile on his little face. You know this smile means that everything is *just right*. And first and foremost comes the right food, building him up while he sleeps; till he wakes gurgling, kicking, and telling you in his own peremptory way that it's feeding time again. Ostermilk No. 1 (modified) for the first 3 or 4 months; No. 2 (full-cream) thereafter. *Ostermilk has always contained added vitamin D.*

Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept. 979, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.

OSTERMILK

No. 1 from birth—
No. 2 from 3 or 4 months.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

MACLEANS SOLID DENTIFRICE

In tins—one size only

SMITH ALARM CLOCKS

RULE THE ROOST

"A beautiful movement," say the experts. "At long last a British alarm which is not only of outstanding quality but competitive in price." Resolve to buy a Smith Alarm as soon as your dealer can supply you. It will be worth your while to wait for the "Victory" model, in pastel blue or green and chrome, or in ivory and gilt.

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., Cricklewood, London, N.W.2
The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Scientific 8.C.5

"My! THE BATH'S BRIGHT IN TWO TICKS now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy an 8d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser today.

Go Modern WITH **MIRRO**

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The milk all children like

A glass and a half of milk goes into every half-pound of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. Unfortunately, Cadburys are only allowed the milk to make an extremely small quantity, so, if you are lucky enough to get some, do save it for the children. In this way, you are giving them full-cream summer milk in its most tempting form.

CADBURYS

The Quick Way TO A NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE

Try this O-syl Hygienic Treatment and see how *fresh*, how assured you'll feel . . . how much lovelier your skin will look.

1. Use an O-syl mouthwash every morning—and start the day *fresh*.
2. Add a little O-syl to your washing water—and feel *fresh* till night.
3. At night wash your face in hot water to open the pores, follow with a cold dilution of O-syl and water, dabbed on with cotton wool—then you'll be free of spots and blemishes and your skin will look *fresh* always.

Remember O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl

Large family size 1/11½ also 7d. Inc. Tax

the drop-by-drop **ANTISEPTIC**

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

DAMSON CREAM

Late Night Final, White Heart Cherry, Limetail, Creamy Egg Flip, Whoopee, Grand Martini. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available but it never reduced the *quality* of

Maldano

COCKTAILS

Limited quantities are slowly becoming available at the controlled price of 14/6d. from good wine merchants.

Patricia Burke

as heroine of the French Resistance Movement

A film version of the play, "Lisbon Story," is the latest production by British National. Lovely Patricia Burke takes the part of a French musical comedy star, who joins the Resistance Movement in 1940, and manages to give valuable help to the Allies. Miss Burke has many charms, including her voice and her peerless complexion. Of course, like 9 out of 10 other film stars, she always relies on Lux Toilet Soap for her beauty care.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Care for Lovely Skin
Used by 9 out of 10 film stars
4d. a tablet

TL 1417-255 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

10 FOR 1/2
20 FOR 2/4

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1264

Want your husband to be a Big Noise?

Ready to eat

More drive and fire to go up the ladder higher and higher—if he gets Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

You see, Grape-Nuts are made from wheat and malted barley. They're concentrated food—give *extra energy* in every spoonful!

Less sugar, less milk needed—they're so malt-sweet, crispy, crunchy. Oh, it's nice to get up early, now Grape-Nuts are back! 12 big helping in the easy-to-carry packet. 3 points 9d.

Serve grand-tasting

GRAPE-NUTS

TESTED JB

Mrs. Motherwell's Maxims No. II

"Feed baby by weight rather than age when his weight is slightly above or below the average, but when the weight differs greatly from normal, ask the advice of your doctor as to the quantities to be given. Whatever baby's weight may be, Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and Robinson's 'Patent' Groats will help you to feed him satisfactorily." TESTED JB

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT'

BARLEY & GROATS

"Steps to Health." Send 1d. stamp to Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ-50, Norwich, for a copy of this invaluable booklet on the care of infants.

CVS-50

WHATEVER THE SPREAD—HOVIS BREAD

How delicious is a slice or two of HOVIS with jam, marmalade or any of the things you use on ordinary bread! Remember, the added nourishment in

HOVIS

TESTED JB

MAKES IT A MEAL

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

A good beginning

MARJORIE already shows great musical promise: her teachers prophesy a fine future. With a sturdy body, lots of energy and steady nerves, she'll be a great success. She has her daily cup of FRY'S COCOA — the family *food drink* for all ages and stages. *5d qtr lb 9½d half lb · 1/6 1-lb tin*

FRY'S COCOA

The family food drink

FOR BODY BUILDING — FOR ENERGY — FOR RESTFUL SLEEP

TESTED JB

C822 14146

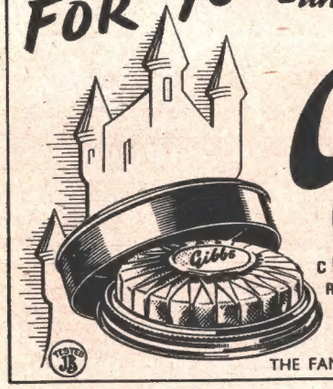
Many Feel this Need

Six years of strain and danger are behind us. As we turn to the future, our first need is to rebuild our strength. How different the day's work seems after a good night's rest! To nourish the tired system and promote refreshing sleep, nothing helps more than Horlicks at bedtime. More people are asking for Horlicks now than ever before; but the needs of the hospitals must first be met, and milk is still not plentiful. If you find Horlicks hard to get, please remember these heavy extra demands.

HORLICKS

TESTED JB

FOR YOU—and the children too!



Gibbs DENTIFRICE

CLEANSING
REFRESHING
ECONOMICAL

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE FOR OVER 30 YEARS

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D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

GD 247 E

Flower of Loveliness

Glowing with the beauty that is the hallmark of perfect health—clear skin, sparkling eyes, firm sturdy limbs—she is a delight to behold.

Her proud mother gave her the food of Royal babies—Cow & Gate Milk Food

COW & GATE LTD.

Guildford, Surrey.

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I'm

Mrs. P. DEE

CUSTARDIAN *of the* KITCHEN

When you see me, think of—

PEARCE DUFF'S

Custard & Jellies

FAMOUS FOR A HUNDRED YEARS

TESTED JB

CUSTARD POWDER - JELLIES - BAKING POWDER - BLANCMANGE POWDER

PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16.

★ *RYVITA IS NOW AVAILABLE AGAIN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY*

TESTED JB

JACOB'S cream crackers

TESTED JB

JOHN BULL June 15 1946 Vol 79 No 2087 186 High Holborn WC1 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"SECOND FRONT" IN FOOD

School Ties at Westminster. Clearing the Black Country. "Tied" Homes Investigation

LOOK OUT FOR THE OPENING of a "second front" in the great battle for food.

It is now generally realized that for some time—perhaps for years—the world will remain on short rations. Crops cannot be multiplied overnight. Livestock does not grow on trees and, like human beings, must be fed.

So, while Sir John Boyd Orr and the Food and Agricultural Organization of UNO are planning to increase production and organize distribution of food on a world scale, other agencies — perhaps equally important—are concentrating on new methods of eliminating waste.

Assisting Revival

Not only waste in the kitchens of the world—that is comparatively easy to stop — but waste caused by natural hazards.

Much of the work is being done by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, one of the least publicised of the many agencies assisting Britain's economic revival.

Every home in the country has a stake in the activities of this Department.

One of the important developments on which it is engaged, for example, is a process for the preservation of fish by which supplies of herring could be kept, and marketed at any time of the year, in a freshly caught condition. The process should end the scandal of fish catches being dumped back in the sea to maintain prices during glut periods.

Fruit and Potatoes

Early news is expected, too, from the Department's laboratories, about improved means of storing home-grown fruit, particularly apples, so that crops could be used more evenly throughout the year.

Another revolutionary process will, it is believed, effectively prevent the annual loss of £4,000,000 worth of potatoes in storage.

Thousands of tons of precious food, too, will be saved from ruin by new devices to counter pest attacks on stored grain. Great success is being achieved in this field.

Meat from the Empire

At the same time, the Department has discovered and tested a technical process by which beef and mutton in prime condition could be transported from Australia and New Zealand at minimum cost.

As soon as world food conditions become more normal, hundreds of thousands of tons of cheap, very slightly chilled meat should reach this country from these Empire sources.

It looks as though the corps of silent, practical scientists who run this Department, under Sir Edward Appleton, are destined to play a leading part in ending the world food shortages.

Socialist School Ties

RECENT GOVERNMENT CHANGES gave some point to a sour Conservative's comment—"They've more old-school ties on their front bench than ours." Not true, of course, but certainly indicative.

When Bill Foster, popular Lancashire miners' leader, resigned as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, his successor was Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell, Winchester and New College, Oxford.

Now, in place of Sir Ben Smith, a former Trade Union official, we have John Strachey, Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford.

Cambridge and Harvard

The promotion of Geoffrey de Freitas to take Strachey's place as Under-Secretary of Air, gives Cambridge a chance. De Freitas, thirty-two years old ex-squadron leader, also studied at Harvard.

Popular as are all three of these new men in new jobs, they will have to do well to justify the choice. The Trade Union Movement is still the backbone of the Labour Party.

When its own people give way to others, it is natural that the Trade Unionists should keep their eye on the new men very closely indeed.

Judgment Suspended

The new appointments are all good ones on the face of it, but Labour backbenchers are not prepared to pass judgment about any of them before time has had a chance to impose its strict tests.

Incidentally, when other Government changes take place, as they are scheduled to do in the near future, the need for promotions of younger "working class" M.P.s will be prominent in the mind of the Prime Minister.

"Pre-fabs" of Future

IT IS TOO EARLY YET to say what is the future of permanent pre-fabricated houses. But experiments now being carried out are producing encouraging results.

Several firms have prepared plans for bigger and better pre-fabricated houses. In particular, they are out to avoid the public prejudice against the squat, ugly-looking products of the moment.

Women, rightly of course, like a house to look like a house, rather than an overgrown toolshed. The interior of the pre-fabs now being erected provides some compensation for outward appearances.

Sir Edward Appleton and his corps of scientists may play a leading part in ending world food shortages

Bevan Likes Bricks

Aneurin Bevan still holds that the normal type permanent brick house is the main necessity. He is arranging his programme along these lines.

It has been noted, by the way, that Opposition spokesmen in Parliament are not quite so belligerent as they were two or three months ago in housing attacks.

Maybe they have gathered some information about Government plans over the next three years. These plans will make history in housing production.

Lighter Black Country!

THE BULLDOZER will soon be brightening up the black spots of the Black Country if an enthusiastic group of young Midlands M.P.s have their way.

Led by Fabian Society official Herbert Delauney Hughes, who sits for Wolverhampton West, this group proposes an all-out attack to reclaim the derelict land.

Hughes, thirty-one years old son of a schoolmaster, is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Ellen Wilkinson, Minister of Education.

Ugly Acres

In the Black Country area there are 9,300 acres of this derelict land. Parts of Staffordshire are hideous with huge slagheaps, ugly monuments to unplanned industry.

Some parts of this land will be levelled and cleared under existing plans. But there are over 6,000 acres for which no plans exist.

Hughes and his associates are not only concerned with the Black Country. They want a National Derelict Land Corporation to be established, with proper plant, including battalions of bulldozers.

Cash Wanted

Bulldozers managed miracles in war; they can work wonders in peace. With this slogan, Hughes and his team are tackling the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

They want to know whether a little of the £50,000,000 that the Chancellor has set aside to "recover land for the enjoyment of the people" cannot be used to transform the little deserts of derelict acres into decent parks and playing fields.

Chancellor Hugh Dalton is sympathetic. He is considering certain proposals about it. JOHN BULL applauds these businesslike efforts to restore the ravaged Black Country.

Campaign for "Coppers"

ANOTHER M.P., GEORGE HOUSE, who sits for St. Pancras North, is campaigning for better, happier "bobbies."

House wants reforms in policemen's uniform, particularly around the collar. "Why," he asserts, "must policemen or anybody else be compelled to endure the present uncomfortable collar design."

He's quite right, of course. Take one look at a policeman in warm weather, if you doubt it. Reforms are being considered by the Home Secretary. But it will be some time, of course, before the clothing situation makes any change of uniform possible.

"Off Parade" Improvements

Also awaiting the end of the clothing famine are some nice, neat designs for the walking-out dress of the peace-time soldier.

The War Office is being pressed from many quarters to make the soldier's

A WAY TO SPEED UP RECRUITING: by the Editor

NOW THAT THE CONSCRIPTION PROGRAMME has been settled—for the time being, at any rate—and young men of military age know where they stand, it is to be hoped there will be no slackening of efforts to build up our regular Armed Forces.

JOHN BULL has from the first opposed compulsory peace-time service on a long-term basis. Industrially the country cannot afford it, and it is out of keeping with the British way of life, except as a temporary measure.

The only answer, as we pointed out in a recent leading article, is to establish our Armed Forces at the irreducible minimum and obtain recruits in sufficient numbers to maintain them without compulsion.

The speed of recruitment to the Forces can and should be greatly accelerated without delay. A start has already been made. Better pay and better accommodation are offered to men who are willing and able to find careers in any of the three Services. A recruiting campaign, backed by such inducements, is under way.

But much more is required to put the Armed Services on a level with competitive industry and establish them as offering opportunities to capable men comparable with those obtaining in civil life.

Why do so many able men still recoil from the very idea of joining the Services in peace-time? The veterans of the two Great Wars are agreed that what is wrong with the Army (and the Navy and the Air Force) is not so much its pay and living conditions as the antiquated procedure by which it stifles initiative, slows up promotion and makes the ranker a puppet in the hands of his superiors.

There is an opportunity here for a bold policy of reform in all the Fighting Services. Encourage individual ability; give enterprise a chance. We call on the Government to press this policy on the Service chiefs, so that the ideal of efficient Armed Forces, maintained by voluntary recruitment, may be realized as speedily as possible.

"off-parade togs" lighter and smarter. Here again, with one or two Blimps doubtful, the need for reforms has long been admitted.

Battledress is ideal for work. Not so good for a dance or a stroll. You will be seeing at least some of the new Service uniforms before the end of the year.

Co-op Car!

WILL WE BE ABLE TO BUY a car at the "Co-op" soon? It could be. Co-operative Wholesale Society leaders are taking a keen interest in the "People's Car," designed and produced by Independent M.P., William Denis Kendall.

Kendall, a chartered engineer, is one of the more adventurous younger businessmen. There is some possibility that in Scotland, at any rate, Co-operative enterprise may take a financial interest in his products.

The "People's Car" — originally designed to cost £150—will, for the time being, cost £256, but costs will drop substantially if it is put on a mass-production basis.

Ascot Again

AT LEAST PART OF THE OLD GLORY of Royal Ascot will be revived on Tuesday when the meeting opens with something approaching its pre-war glamour.

The King and Queen will give a house party at Windsor Castle for the week, and they, with the Princesses, will drive up the course in semi-state on each day of the meeting.

Precautions have been taken to prevent gate-crashers entering the Royal Enclosure, a problem calling for a great deal of tact and firmness this year, as the number of rejected applications has reached a high record. The responsible official is the Duke of Norfolk, who for a period was working about eighteen hours a day scrutinizing applications before presenting a final list for the King's approval.

This year sees the new Clerk of the Course, Major Crocker Buteel, D.S.O., M.C., in charge of the meeting.

Holiday Rush

INCREASED RAILWAY FARES will not prevent the holiday resorts from having a record season. Inquiries show that the travel agencies, the hotels and boarding houses have been swamped with applications for accommodation from about 30,000,000 holiday-starved people with money to spend.

One travel agency has been turning down applications at the rate of 800 a day for the peak period from July to August and early September.

There have also been very heavy bookings for the Channel Islands and Switzerland, but limited boat, railway and air transport restrict British arrivals on the Continent to 10,000 a week.

Continued Conscription

IT WAS INEVITABLE that some measure of conscription should continue for at least the next eighteen months. The Government has made it about two-and-a-half years, but there will be a periodic review of this position.

Certainly the overwhelming majority of the people of the country will be opposed to an indefinite continuation of conscription as a permanent part of national planning.

This fact will be a major point in the forthcoming debate on the Government's proposals.

Speedy End Wanted

Leader of the small pacifist group on the Labour back-benches, silver-haired veteran Rhys J. Davies, is already actively campaigning for a speedy end to conscription. He has the encouragement that in this, at any rate, his views are shared by most of the young ex-Service-men who are now Labour M.P.s and whose opinions are backed by experience.

These maintain that if conditions are right, Britain can build up the Services it needs on a voluntary basis at the end of the present transition period of call-up.

SPELLBOUND

"Tied" Homes Problem

FOR THE FIRST TIME M.P.s are to grapple as a body with the problem of the tied dwelling—the house which is regarded as part-salary or wages and which a worker and his family must vacate, or be ejected from, following unemployment, disability or retirement.

In the past, successive Governments have either completely ignored the survival of this feudal tenancy system or merely indicated pious regret at the suffering and hardship it inevitably produces.

This time the Government will be presented with evidence and conclusions from a country-wide independent survey by its Parliamentary supporters and will be asked to adopt the best-founded recommendations.

A feature of this unusual inquiry, for which the Government Whips are giving every possible facility, is that the approach to the problem will be without any preconceived ideas or bias. Starting from scratch, the large body of investigators will be prepared even to find that the evil perhaps cannot be eradicated.

Tell All You Know

Evelyn Walkden, M.P. for Doncaster, is the mainspring of the plan. He decided to take action when, visiting his constituency recently, he found no fewer than eighteen eviction orders served or pending and two evictions of families in progress.

Members of the Parliamentary Labour Party, before taking part in a series of private conferences, are being asked to submit all the information they possess about the operation of the tied houses system in their local areas, and an appeal is made to anyone in the country with intimate knowledge or experience to make it known either to his own M.P. or direct to Mr. Walkden at the House of Commons.

Unsuspected Facts

Somehow the tied cottage problem has always been mainly associated in the public mind with agricultural workers. It should cease to affect them to any extent when the Government's rural housing and transport plans take shape.

The preliminaries of the Walkden inquiry have revealed two unsuspected and remarkable facts—that there are more tied homes in the Yorkshire and Durham coalfields alone than in all the agricultural communities of Britain, and that professional and manual workers in no fewer than 140 occupations are affected, including hospital superintendents and matrons, schoolmasters, local government officers, multiple stores managers, railwaymen, policemen, shop assistants and gardeners.

Idea for Strachey

SHOULD RESTAURANT, cafe and canteen meals be on the ration? This argument starts afresh at every new phase of the food shortage. Protests against unrationed "meals out" come from people who have to find all their meals at home.

The complainants have a case, but it is not likely to prevail after we have managed to avoid restaurant and canteen rationing for six years, including the worst years of the war.

Swiss Experiment

There is a possible compromise, which might help to satisfy those who feel strongly that it is unfair for some people to eat out in the week and thus save their rations for weekends.

The compromise is reported by early British visitors to Switzerland, where Monday, Wednesday and Friday are meatless days in hotels and restaurants.

The Swiss make do instead with fish, abundant eggs, and cheese. Here we should have to depend on fish.

The Swiss idea may be worth consideration by John Strachey, the new Minister of Food, if the world harvest of 1946 is disappointing.

Film in Three Dimensions

A NEW DEVELOPMENT of film technique, on which the Russians have been working for some years, is awaited with interest by British and Hollywood film studios.

The first three-dimensional Technicolor film in history, *The Story of Robinson Crusoe*, is now nearing completion in a Russian film studio.

Sergei Ivanov, the inventor, has been supervising the production, and looking after the technical details.

Those who have seen trial runs of the film say that it has a "flesh and blood" quality that is missing in ordinary films and that characters "almost walk out of the screen into the audience."

Over the Garden Wall

TERENCE CUNEO steps into the lead as a JOHN BULL cover artist this week with his fourth cover in three months.

He also steps into possible trouble with the men among our readers who are keen gardeners and who may think his painting of "men at work" a little too near the bone.

Cuneo doesn't, however, claim that the little scene by the back fence is necessarily typical of masculine behaviour. He merely points out that some men, who naturally know a lot about the *science* of gardening, as opposed to the practice, are very apt to talk about the job—while their womenfolk get on with it!

THAT FEELING OF SECURITY

"Your courteous treatment and generosity gave me great satisfaction and a feeling of security," writes Mr. D. H. Jenkins, of Blackwood, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance when his home was burgled.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

BOOM IN THE BIG TOP

IN THE WORLD OF THE CIRCUS, superlatives sell the show. Its lions are the fiercest, its trained seals the cleverest, its clowns the funniest, its elephants the largest, its acrobats the daringest and its brass band the blaringest of the latest greatest show on earth to come your way.

Yet one or two superlatives might justly be applied to the boom in big top circus business that is attracting crowds all over Britain at the present time.

Just before the war only about a dozen circus shows were touring Britain. Today more than thirty circuses are on the road, pulling in an average of 60,000 spectators a day and yielding profits that make promoters sigh for an all-the-year-round season. For, apart from the popular Christmas period, the circus has a traditional thirty-two weeks season from Easter to autumn.

Circus proprietors, who had a bad time during the war, are beginning to believe that there is, after all, a showman's Providence that doesn't look after the cinema business exclusively.

The coming of war brought circus business almost to a standstill. New acts could not make their seasonal visits from the Continent. Food shortage and reduction of breeding made it impossible to expect any more novelty animal turns. Lack of manpower meant that a large-scale show just could not take the road. Blackout restrictions killed evening tent shows stone dead.

The bigger circuses gave up the impossible struggle. A few modest shows still trailed their caravans about the countryside and kept going. But in the main the circus was virtually dead in Britain during the war.

Now this remarkable revival is in full tide.

Every one of the circus shows in the present boom is British except for individual foreign acts which have been in this country a good many years. Not until next season will the ban on foreign artists be lifted. Then it is expected that the permitted twenty-five per cent quota of foreign acts will be quickly filled, for news of the British circus boom has already spread abroad.

High Costs; Many People

More and more showmen are anxious to get on the brass bandwagon in this branch of show business which, despite austerity programmes and presentations that are a mere shadow of pre-war efforts, is raking in about £50,000 a week.

But success in the circus game isn't cheap or easy. The cost of running a tenting show ranges from £10,000 to £50,000 for the equipment alone.

A medium-sized circus employs approximately one hundred people—ring attendants, artists, grooms, tent men, managers and publicity staff.

Building up an attractive programme today is a ticklish business even for veteran showmen who know the whereabouts of most available acts. It would be heartbreaking for the beginner.

Animals are scarce—and before new ones can be imported the showman must grapple with the Ministry of Agriculture, the Board of Trade, the Treasury and the Variety Artists' Federation.

Greatest current shortage is in the tiger line. Only one out of the thirty or so circuses showing today can put on a tiger. Nor is the elephant position much better. Only three shows can oblige.

The monkey famine is acute. One solitary performing chimpanzee is on show today—and he was brought to Britain by a sailor, who subsequently presented him to a circus. The lion situation is slightly better because we can breed lions here. There are plenty of horses and performing dogs—but Olsen's troupe of performing sea lions, veterans of pre-war days, at present numbers one.

Even the lonely sea lion is expensive to feed, since he still gets through a stone and a half of whiting or herring in one day.

More than thirty circuses, taking £50,000 a week, are working on the road. Where does all the money go? Here is the story

by LIONEL CLYNTON

Yet the present boom has come about, largely because the circus is still rich in its human material.

Clowns are the biggest favourites and the biggest wage-earners as individual acts. A good "Joey" (clowns are still called "Joey" in immortal remembrance of Joseph Grimaldi) can earn from £80 to £120 a week in a big circus.

The clown remains the individual aristocrat of the circus and must not be confused with the "augustes," who are the grotesquely dressed comics that appear periodically throughout the show.

Augustes—they wear a bewildering variety of costume, although you will invariably see one dressed in Charlie Chaplin clothes, "feed" the clown, and earn far smaller wages.

The men on the flying trapeze are paid almost as much as the star clowns. A trapeze act, consisting of three people, can command £150 a week, and a wire act, generally with two performers, averages £70 to £80 a week. Jugglers—from one to five members in the act—get between £60 and £80 a week.

Big animal acts earn between £100 and £150 a week but upkeep expenses and people behind the scene, or rather the cage, take a big cut of the total sum. Dog acts earn round about £70 a week, and pigeon acts about £50.

There is a large juvenile audience that has never seen a circus before

Training the animals is a long and patient business.

Horses take longest. To train a horse for a "high school" act, where the horse dances with a rider on its back, may mean two years' hard work.

"High school" horses are usually crosses between Polish and Arab animals.

Less difficult is the training for a "liberty act," in which the horses appear without mounts. This takes from nine to eighteen months.

And all horses are as temperamental as opera singers when it comes to the surfaces on which they are asked to perform. Even the best-trained horse will not put up a good show on a hard surface. He insists on grass or soft padding.

Conversely, the elephant will never put its hefty foot down on anything that "gives." This is why it isn't so very dangerous when the showman allows an elephant to place its great foot on his face. A human face is too soft a surface for the elephant.

Elephants take about twelve months to train, and about the same time is needed to put a sea lion through its paces. Sea lions can be trained either as jugglers or dancers; never as both.

Land lions and tigers are trained in about twelve months, dogs take expertly to the ring in four to six months, and pigeons are trained in two.

Easiest of all learners are the monkeys, who need little coaching except occasional guidance. They are bad-tempered, but born entertainers.

These are just a few of the technical details which go to the preparation of a first-class circus show.

"Family" Atmosphere

Running a circus is no job for a newcomer unless he wishes to lose money quickly.

Outsiders are rare at the top of the circus tree. The family atmosphere is nowhere stronger than under the Big Top, and practically all the thirty shows in this country today are family affairs. That is why they are booming.

Before the war most of the acts were either touring abroad or working for the dozen large shows in this country. Today, sensing the money in circus, they have used their experience to branch out on their own.

Many of the classic figures of the circus are dead—great showmen like Bertram Mills, "Lord" George Sanger, Barnum and Bailey. Yet their names live on. Few circus families disappear into other lines of show business.

But the boom is on all right. Seats—from 1s. 3d. to 7s. 6d.—are in greater demand than ever. There is a new juvenile audience that has never seen a circus before—and most of the adults have half forgotten some of the old thrills.

Maybe we do not see so many death-defying desperadoes putting the lions through their tricks, or debonair trainers ringed by a snarling circle of tigers. But the brass band plays twice as loudly to make up for it; and we all roll up obediently, glad to know the circus is back in town.

PRIVATE VIEW OF BARBARA WARD

ECONOMIC NIGHTINGALE

MEET BARBARA WARD and the feeling is you're at a Brains Trust session. There, at first hand, is the lovely voice, the lucid thinking, the girlish laughter. You'll have an argument and Barbara Ward will have the last word.

She is taller than average, slim, with eyes a shade lighter than a gazelle's, and bobbed, mousey hair. She has good teeth, and that's as well because she does a lot of smiling.

It's a pretty smile, with a warmth and radiance even though, perhaps, it leaves her mouth a little later than it does her eyes. But it is straight from the heart and quite ingenuous. More should be said about that smile—it is so much of the outward and visible Barbara Ward. It's her armour plating of charm. It is one of Barbara's good habits.

She is unbelievably young for a celebrity of her stature. Naivety and a certain eagerness make her seem even younger. She'd have a heck of a time at a Sunday treat, you feel; she'd make the most of it because, really, the little things in her life look as though they are the biggest fun.

Barbara Ward was born in York, educated in an English convent and sent to finishing schools in France and Germany. She was a bright pupil, good at games, pretty and popular. Her school days were happy and a success.

What she needed next was to bring off the same thing at Oxford. She did. She read for Philosophy and Economics, took a first in Modern Greats and decided to become an opera singer.

IN due course Barbara decided not to become an opera singer. Interested in foreign affairs and having a flair for languages, she became a University Extension Lecturer of the W.E.A., worked at it for three years, and travelled for her material in France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Turkey.

Then she wrote a book called *International Share-Out* and it brought her to the notice of Geoffrey Crowther, editor of *The Economist*. In 1939 she was invited to contribute articles on foreign affairs and in 1940 she joined the paper as assistant editor. She had arrived. All the B.B.C. had to do was roll out the red carpet.

But for that, it would be hard to account for Barbara Ward. Her work in *The Economist* is printed anonymously, and her two or three slim volumes, though well received, are hardly known outside a confined circle. As a national figure, then, she is a child of the B.B.C.

And now she is a reckonable entity in the nation's intellectual life. Every time she speaks, smiles or writes, she makes a contribution. She gives to science, gives to culture, gives to the arts. The cumulative effect has made her celebrated and she needs only time to be great.

In the autumn of '43 came the first invitation to take part in a Brains Trust. She was an immediate success. Her voice was a welcome relief. She was well-informed and amusing. You felt better for having listened.

SHE broadcast for two years, until elected a governor of the B.B.C. in January. Unfortunately for the public, the job precludes her from broadcasting and involves, instead, a deal of listening, if it's to be done conscientiously. It carries £1,000 a year.

She is a member of two other governing bodies—the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. No "perks"—just a couple of complimentary tickets for every show. But the work on meetings is interesting and, Barbara feels, worthwhile.

Yet the biggest thing in Barbara Ward's life is her religion—she is a Roman Catholic, an attractive caryatid of the Church and often heard at *The Sword of the Spirit* meetings.

She attends Mass every morning at St. Mary's Church in Cadogan Gardens. Unobtrusively, but none the less emphatically, Barbara Ward's Christianity tinctures her socialism, tempers her economics, governs her life and guides her approach to people.

She lives by herself in Chelsea—on the fifth floor of Cranmer Court, just off Sloane Avenue. The floor is reached by a very tired lift and her door is numbered 208.

Behind door 208 is hardly what you'd expect of Barbara Ward—a tiny living-room with a set of period furniture, cream walls, a bowl of peonies, bookcases and a few ornaments. Wallpaper fills the bedroom with pink roses, leaves and twigs. Coverlets, doors and the wardrobe are green, and there are chintz curtains. The room is impersonal, almost devoid of femininity, but for a small dressing-table with a comb, brushes, lipstick, powder, nail file and scissors—laid out in a row.

Except to sleep, change and cook her breakfast, she spends little time in her flat. It is a disappointment. From it no facet of her personality emerges except, perhaps, that it reflects her innate simplicity and dis-interest in non-essentials. It is the same with her appearance. A lot more could be made of this—with another hair style, for instance—if she took the trouble.

HER life is a whirl of engagements. Thursday is press day—most of that is spent at the printers. She works at high speed. When writing, she drafts with a pencil and hands the MS to her secretary. She never dictates and she can't type.

Barbara usually lunches and dines with friends. Weekends are spent in the country. Her friends include foreign diplomats, padres, scientists and intellectuals.

She likes friends. And, as a leader writer on foreign affairs, she likes "contacts." They also keep her brushed up on her languages. When a count tried to date her on the telephone the other day, she was able to give a mellifluous "yes"—or, maybe, "no"—in Italian.

But travelling is beginning to lose its fascination. Having done so much of it in the last fifteen years, she wouldn't mind having to stay at home and take things easy.

As a modern girl, this governor of the B.B.C. is right up to the moment. She doesn't smoke, varnish her nails or spend much time having fun, but she rides when she can and does a lot of theatre-going. Her tastes are normal; good food, pretty clothes and a lot of other things women like and spend money on.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

STAMPS

THE ISSUE OF VICTORY STAMPS totals two hundred and forty million at 2½d., twenty four million at 3d., all double size. Sold in such numbers it seems unlikely that they will increase much in value. But the King George V Jubilee issue did. A complete set, face value four guineas, is now worth £40, a single 4½d. fetches 3s.

★ ★ ★

The dealers underbought the Jubilee issue. They won't this time. In April last when the New Zealand peace stamps came on sale there were long queues for them all day. Heavy buying by British philatelists was responsible.

★ ★ ★

In May a King George Silver Jubilee stamp, a Prussian blue 2d. one of 360 printed in a different shade from normal (which is bright ultramarine) sold for £200.

★ ★ ★

All stamps bearing Hitler's face or any Nazi symbols are being destroyed in Germany. A Military Government issue printed in U.S.A. replaces them. To prevent collectors' buying from causing a shortage of the new stamps, you have to stamp your letter in the presence of the postal clerk. No letter, no stamp.

★ ★ ★

Austrian "prison bar" stamps are fetching about £18 for a set of four. The Russians overprinted Hitler's face with fourteen prison bars.

★ ★ ★

Black marketeers in London and New York are buying rare stamps with money they dare not bank. A man might spend £10,000 in this way, and then sell back the stamps for £8,000. When the income tax man wanted to know what this £8,000 was for, the answer could be: "Oh, that?—I just sold my stamp collection." (Money from outright sale is usually tax free.)

★ ★ ★

In November last, in Paris, the wife, young son, and housekeeper of a stamp dealer were killed by a thief who stole a £3,000 collection.

★ ★ ★

Stamp smuggling is a profitable racket. Recently a man was fined £75 for buying more than 8,000 U.S. stamps brought over by bomber. The stamps were the celebrated "flags issue" and bore the flags of liberated countries.

★ ★ ★

Soldiers who sent stamps home from abroad during the war had them confiscated. Reason—enemy agents were using stamps in their codes; they were also selling stamps to get British currency.

★ ★ ★

President Roosevelt, like King George V, was a keen collector. Stalin gave the President some rare Russian issues. When the Roosevelt collection (valued at 80,000 dollars) was sold last April it brought in 210,875 dollars.

★ ★ ★

The famous Arthur Hind collection fetched £114,000, but its rarest stamp was not auctioned. This was a "one cent British Guiana," said to be the rarest of all stamps. It was sold privately for £10,000. And prices are still rising. The Colonel Green collection, sold recently in New York, made close on £400,000.

★ ★ ★

Printing errors give stamps additional value. For instance a £1 Rhodesian stamp (1910-1916 issue) printed black instead of mauve fetched £40 last year. Minor republics are said to arrange for mistakes to happen—they bring in good money.

★ ★ ★

Figures and designs on stamps vary extraordinarily. One Venezuela issue carries the head of Charles Howarth of Rochdale, Co-operative Movement pioneer. The Germans gave away their carefully guarded V2 secret on a 1943 stamp (one of the weapons series) which shows a giant rocket in action. Brazil's first stamps bear only price figures. For a postmark to blot out the head was thought disrespectful to the ruler.

NEWSPAPERS VERSUS THE GOVERNMENT

Lord Northcliffe, "Daily Mail" founder, led the only successful Press fight against a Premier

Many newspapers seek to wreck the Government's plans by distorting news. A showdown might teach them something! The people are running things now. And the people pay for the Press

by HANNEN SWAFFER

BRITISH NEWSPAPERS ARE TODAY setting a strange example to the world. Most of them seem to want to wreck the Government. They will stop at nothing to pretend that every move this Government makes is evil or stupid—even though they know it to be untrue.

When will Clement Attlee challenge them?

More than once, leading Ministers have told the Lords plainly that, if they obstruct the Government's proposals, the cry of "The Peers or the People" will be raised at the polls. But, so far, they have remained silent under newspaper criticism that has often become ruthless misrepresentation.

This country is, for good or ill, boldly facing its future. Bankrupt though it is in all but character and idealism, it is modernizing its economic structure, implementing vast schemes of social reform, humanizing the prisons, making education available to the poorest, and embarking on the rehousing of its millions of homeless.

Yet the majority of the papers snipe at the reformers, just as they did when Lord Shaftesbury sought to rescue young children from the evils of the factory system, when the Tolpuddle Martyrs were deported for demanding a bare living wage, and when the Chartists were engaged on a crusade that eventually brought in the Great Reform Act.

They magnify the selfishness of a few Stevenage householders in order to kill the wise planning of our towns, planning without which London will continue to sprawl right across our countryside.

They wilfully forget how, between the wars, the "private enterprise" which they supported displaced hundreds of thousands. That is one of the chief reasons why South Wales is so short of miners, and we are short of coal.

They indict as "Empire surrender" the long-overdue freeing of India and the evacuation of Egypt which we first promised half a century ago. They blame the Labour Government for a world food shortage caused by war, and crop failures!

Power of Pennies

Day after day they encourage grousing. And, secretly, some of them are plotting for the creation of a condition of unsettlement, in which they will encourage the Lords to throw out a major Bill and thus place the whole country in confusion.

What they failed to do during the last election, in open espousal of the old order, they seek to do by constant suggestion and misinformation.

And the extraordinary fact is that whatever power they possess is the power given them by the pennies paid to them by readers who do not agree with their politics!

There are many towns in Britain where both the M.P. and the municipal council are Labour and the only newspapers are Tory—Socialist towns in which only anti-Socialist opinion is printed!

Yes, the power is the power of the worker's penny—a penny paid by a worker who is paying his political enemy to print anti-worker views!

Could such an ironic paradox have been conceived even by Jonathan Swift? Yet the paradox exists.

Lord Harmsworth, the most gentle-mannered member of a great newspaper family, made an astounding remark at the jubilee dinner of the *Daily Mail*.

"In every fight between Fleet Street and Downing Street," he said, "Fleet Street has won."

Is this true? If it were, it would be a grave and a lasting scandal. For it would mean that a few newspaper proprietors had more power than a Prime Minister who had been elected by a majority of the votes of the nation. It would mean, in effect, the existence of a monopolistic Fascism.

But it is not true.

So far as I remember, the only fight between a newspaper proprietor and a Premier in which the newspaper won was that in which, during the first World War, a grave shell shortage was exposed by Lord Northcliffe. The result of that was that, before long, Asquith was driven out of office.

But that was not Fleet Street, for all the newspapers not owned by Northcliffe supported the Government. Some, indeed, demanded that Northcliffe should be sent to the Tower!

Actually—I have his own words, uttered to me personally—Northcliffe was merely the spokesman of several leading Tory peers. In reality, they used him. Mind you, it stands to his credit that, in printing what the peers were afraid to say themselves, he risked his future and his fortune.

Lord Harmsworth seems to have forgotten that, in 1919, when his brother, Northcliffe, was conducting a campaign against Lloyd George, who was at the Peace Conference, L. G. ended all that nonsense by returning from Versailles, seeing the King and then making one speech in the Commons—a speech in which, by tapping his head, he suggested that Northcliffe was mad.

And surely Harmsworth remembers how, when the late Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook were assailing Baldwin's premiership, they were beaten by a devastating speech which the Premier made at Queen's Hall. In that he said they were using "the perquisite of the harlot through all the ages: power without responsibility."

Fleet Street Lost

Did Fleet Street, backed though it was by almost all the provincial dailies and evenings, prevent the present Labour Government from achieving power by an enormous majority? No, it did not.

In that fight, although *The Times* and *The Observer*, which knew that a change must come, remained neutral, the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Mirror* were the only London dailies that supported Labour. And *Reynolds News* and the *Sunday Pictorial* were the only Sundays, except that I was given a free hand in *The People*.

Yet the vast influence of the rest of Fleet Street counted for nothing. As for the provinces, the *Manchester Guardian* was the only daily which criticized Churchill with a daring frankness.

The public remembered. Millions of readers refused to believe the papers which, right up to the eve of the war, had told them, "There will be no war, this year or next year"—the papers which had praised the Munich surrender, and the papers which had hailed Hitler as a man of peace and told them to join up with Mosley. . . .

The plain truth is that any Premier who dares to challenge the newspapers opposed to him can win hands down. This, while he commands a majority in the Commons, is as it should be.

Otherwise, you would have government by newspaper. And bossdom by any section of the community is an evil.

But his brother, Lord Harmsworth, boasts that "Fleet Street has always beaten Downing Street"

Lord Rothermere ("Daily Mail") snipes at reform as does Lord Beaverbrook ("Daily Express"), below

beyond The Bomb . . . . . .

The atom bomb finishe conflicting theories ab for peaceful purposes. in a seven-point chec

The first atomic bomb explodes in a New Mexico desert. Can we harness this power for constructive work?

WILLIAM L. LAURENCE has been described as the best scientific writer in America. He has himself been a member of the "atom bomb team"; he saw the tests of the bomb and wrote the official releases on the Hiroshima and Nagasaki missions, on which he was the only civilian observer.

In the answers to the questions on this page, Laurence turns away from the destructive powers of atomic energy. It can, he says, provide the key to mankind's age-long dreams.

Laurence's view is that atomic energy provides a philosophers' stone that will transmute the elements and provide wealth far greater than gold; it also provides "an elixir of life"—a means for gaining a far deeper insight into the mysteries of living processes, leading to the postponement of old age.

Here, taking one by one the questions raised by the peaceful possibilities of atomic energy, this American writer points to its true meaning when harnessed to the service of mankind as contrasted with its use as a war weapon.

Will atomic energy drive a motor car? NO.

It is necessary to clear up several popular misconceptions. The public has been fed fantastic fairy tales about small atomic energy capsules "the size of a pea" that will drive cars and planes.

The "power pill" is fundamentally impossible because, to produce atomic energy, a basic minimum of uranium or plutonium—the only two substances, by the way, that can be used at present for atomic energy purposes—is absolutely essential. This basic amount is known as the "critical size."

How much is the critical amount? For the atomic bomb the amount is within the range of one to a hundred kilograms. In other words, anything less than one kilogram—2.2 pounds—of uranium 235 or plutonium would not work, and it may be as high as 100 kilograms. Even one kilogram is not a capsule.

But these critical amounts are for the production of an uncontrolled chain reaction with fast neutrons to release the energy at as high an explosive rate as possible. To use it for power purposes, we need a controlled reaction, which can be achieved only with slow neutrons. To slow down the neutrons, a moderator is necessary which would weigh many times the amount of the U-235 or plutonium.

Driving cars and planes by atomic power must thus be counted out as definitely impossible.

Will atomic energy replace coal, oil and electricity in industry? NO.

The present atomic piles for the production of plutonium generate tremendous amounts of heat. But this heat is of a low temperature, which cannot be used as a source of power.

At present we do not know how to run a chain-reacting system—the only system by which atomic energy can be released—at a high temperature. According to Major-General Leslie R. Groves, who should know his subject, it would take decades to develop such a system. Others believe it may be done in from three to ten years.

And we would have to know in advance that it would lead to great savings in the present cost of light and power. The figures deny this.

The actual cost of a pound of concentrated U-235 cannot be revealed. Professor John R. Dunning, of Columbia, estimated that it would cost from 10,000 dollars to 50,000 dollars a pound to produce, depending on the process. But even assuming that we were to get the uranium free, the economies that would result would still be no more than between three and seventeen per cent, according to another American, Dr. Leonard Katzin, of the atomic group at Chicago University.

The reason is that fuel constitutes only a small percentage of the total power bill to the consumer. The remainder goes on the costs of distribution, interest and profit charges, plant construction and maintenance, which would remain the same regardless of whether uranium or coal is used as the fuel.

Moreover, figures show that there were only one hundred and forty tons of U-235 readily available in the world before the war. Even if all the uranium 238 were to be converted into plutonium for power purposes only, the supply would last only sixty-six years.

Of course, it is very likely that since the advent of the atomic bomb the world's uranium resources have greatly increased, but so has the demand for military purposes. In fact, in the present state of world affairs atomic power for peace-time purposes will, for some time to come, be closely linked with further developments on the international front.

Will there be any large-scale use of the new power in the near future? NO.

There are three reasons why we cannot expect large-scale use of atomic power immediately.

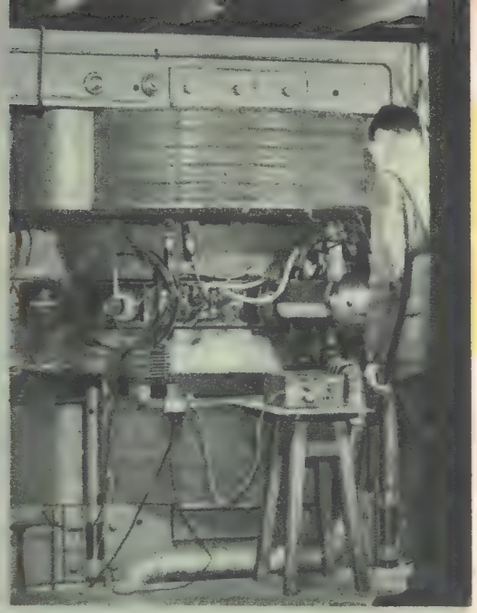
1. It will require from five years to decades to develop the technology for constructing and operating high-temperature atomic power piles.
2. There is no economic incentive for investing the large sums required for developing such plants.
3. Lastly, the world's uranium supplies are strictly limited.

Atomic energy will undoubtedly have many highly important applications that no one at present could even guess at. But such uses will supplement, not supplant, our present abundant power sources.

The factor of the utmost significance, that dwarfs

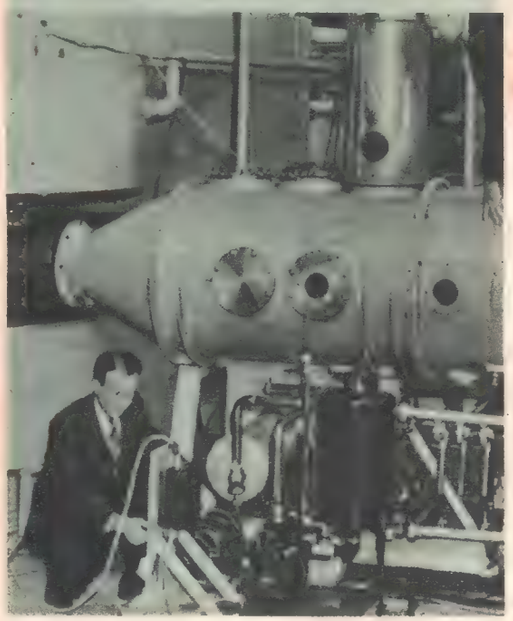
d two Jap cities . . . it also produced a cloud of out the future use of this new form of energy Here an American authority ends the confusion up, showing what atom power can really do

by William L. Laurence



Scientists use this cyclotron at Cambridge University to produce "synthetic" uranium, as the metal is so rare

Section of the world's largest atom-smashing machine at the University of California. It weighs 225 tons



all other possible benefits that may result from man's new ability to liberate vast amounts of atomic energy, is the all-important fact that in the atomic pile man has at last a practically limitless source of neutrons.

With an endless supply of neutrons at his disposal, man can transmute practically all the elements found in nature. He can create elements.

A number of these elements promise, among other things, to provide far more effective means for the treatment of cancer.

For example, it is known that certain elements have affinities for particular organs of the body, and could, therefore, be used for treating diseases of those organs. Iodine, for instance, has an affinity for the thyroid gland. Phosphorus for the bone marrow, where the blood cells are formed.

Small amounts of these substances were made artificially radioactive by the cyclotron and used with good effect on cancer patients.

Such substances had the same effect as radium, and are even more powerful than the natural substance, with the advantage that they can be selected for their affinity for particular organs.

Unfortunately, the cyclotron, a big and expensive machine, could produce only minute amounts of these substances, far short of the need. In the atomic pile, however, we have a neutron factory equivalent to more than a million of the most powerful cyclotrons.

Does this mean that atomic energy can be used in seeking an answer to the diseases that have baffled science? YES.

With these neutrons man can create practically limitless quantities of radioactive forms of the four basic elements of life—hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen and oxygen.

By incorporating minute amounts of these easily distinguishable atoms into the food molecules of animals and plants, it becomes possible, for the first time on a large scale, to trace their course in the body of the living animal and growing plant.

These "tagged atoms" will serve as a lantern in the dark labyrinth of life. Processes hitherto hidden, normal as well as abnormal, will stand revealed at long last.

If the atomic bomb does not bring doomsday first, this "lantern into life" will set man on the road to the millennium.

Men and plants live by the food they eat. When the food enters the living body of plant or animal, it is broken up into constituent parts and utilized for energy and for the replacement of burned-up tissue. This process is known as metabolism. It is as complex as life itself, and is, in fact, a synonym for life, for life is metabolism.

The processes of metabolism are different in normal health from what they are in disease, and each disease is characterized by specific abnormalities in metabolism.

We have but a very sketchy idea of the metabolism of the cancer cell and how it deviates from the normal cell. By tracing the food taken in by the cancer patient, we can now find out what stuff the cancer cell uses for its building blocks.

We could trace every step in which these building blocks are made, the elements of which they are composed and the sources whence they come.

Supposing it is found that these sources are present only in certain foods. Then the feeding of a diet in which these elements are missing would starve the cancer to death.

We may elucidate the mystery of arteriosclerosis, arthritis, heart disease, diseases of the kidney and most other baffling ills.

And at last we stand on the threshold of elucidating the mystery of why we get old.

By feeding animals, throughout their life span, foods in which these "tagged atoms" have been incorporated, as well as by feeding them to human beings who had reached a ripe old age without impairment of faculties, we might find out what it is that makes people old, and the way will have been opened for an intelligent approach to means for postponing the process.

Does atomic energy mean a new approach to the task of feeding the world's peoples? YES.

Chlorophyll is the only substance known in nature that somehow possesses the power to act as a sunlight trap. It catches the energy of sunlight and stores it up in the plant. Without this ability no life could exist on earth.

We obtain the energy we need for living from the solar energy stored up in the plant food we eat or in the flesh of the animals that eat the plants.

The energy we obtain from coal or oil is solar energy trapped by the chlorophyll in plant life millions of years ago.

By means of the sunlight trapped by the chlorophyll, the plant is able to synthesize starches, sugars and proteins out of the carbon dioxide and water in the air and the minerals in the soil. Thus our supply of energy for living and power for running our civilization are both made possible by this mysterious substance that makes grass green.

So far, the process whereby chlorophyll traps the energy of the sun has eluded the searches of the world's greatest scientists.

With the powerful stream of neutrons now at our command in the atomic boiler, we can transmute large quantities of ordinary carbon, of atomic weight 12, to a new type of carbon, of atomic weight 14, that does not exist in nature.

We can incorporate this new carbon in carbon dioxide, feed it to the plant and then watch it at each step as it builds up its sunlight trap.

By learning how the plant builds up its food substance from carbon dioxide, water and a few minerals—we could also build these other substances out of tagged elements—we may learn to use the same substances and sunlight for the direct production of food.

Shall we be able to talk of harnessing the sun itself? YES.

Learning how the plant traps the sunlight may lead to the building of a better trap. The way may be opened to the harnessing of the enormous energy poured down on the earth every second by the sun, only a small fraction of which is now utilized by us indirectly through the chlorophyll in the plants.

Thus atomic energy, though not providing us directly with a great new reservoir of power, promises to bring the sun down to earth as its gift to man.

And shall we be able, at last, to talk seriously of "visits to Mars"? YES.

It also promises, in more than a figurative sense, to bring the moon and Mars and other neighbours in space within man's reach, for here he has a fuel powerful enough to free him from the gravitational bonds of the earth.

No existing fuel has enough power to lift both its own weight and the weight of the rocket to a point beyond the reach of the earth's attractive force.

In the atomic bomb, on the other hand, there is more than a million times the energy needed to get beyond the earth's field of gravity. This, therefore, opens the possibility of sending a rocket or space ship to the moon or even to Mars.

Man for the first time has the fuel for such a space ship. He still lacks the engine to utilize this cosmic fire. Although scientists point to formidable obstacles still to be overcome in the solution of the propulsion problem, they do not regard them as basically insurmountable.

The interplanetary era may not yet be around the corner, but it is already faintly discernible above the horizon. And the real shape of things yet to come may still be hidden beyond the horizon.

We stand at the gateway to a new world.

WE'RE REALLY GREAT!

A bit more dash and we'd be famous, says Herbert Hodge. As it is, we cool our itch for power by "dictating" at work and at home, maybe to the wife—or vice versa!

I OUGHT TO BE FEELING IN FINE FETTLE this week. If a thorough physical jolting is good for the liver, then a similar mental jolting should be good for the soul. I've just received a hearty jolt from a reader.

"Don't you think," he says, "that your success as a writer"—his word for it, not mine—"don't you think that your success is due to the fact that you are easy on everything and everybody, which suits the average person of today?"

He goes on to reproach me with "being prepared to tolerate anything—good, bad or indifferent," particularly in other people's behaviour. He feels I ought to "have some principle" on booze, smoking, betting and on sexual conduct. Although he doesn't say so, I gather from the tone of his letter that he'd think more highly of me if I rose up and did a bit of denouncing now and again.

He has made me overhaul myself. Perhaps I've been slack in my duty. Perhaps I ought to take more interest than I do in the private lives of my neighbours. Perhaps a little denunciation now and again would do them good.

I must admit I'm what people call "easy going" about that sort of thing. But, in the first place, I've already got my hands full trying to cope with one man's failings. He needs a lot of looking after. It takes me all my time to get him out of bed in the morning. When I do get him out, I have to nag like anything to get him to start work, and then go on nagging all day to keep him at it. Laziness is his besetting sin.

I have to keep a watchful eye on his drinking and smoking, too—particularly his smoking. And if a kindhearted girl gives him the least encouragement. . . .

Well, there it is. With a man like that on my hands, I've no time to attend to the backslidings of other people. If they drink, smoke and bet too much, if they cuddle and kiss too much, I can only hope they'll see the danger themselves and stop in time.

Besides, I feel there's an important distinction

"I might become a famous politician"

to be made between a man's private life and his public life—between what he does as a private individual and what he does as a citizen.

For instance, if my neighbour came home drunk on a Saturday night, I shouldn't feel I had any right to denounce him for it. But behind the wheel of a car, he'd be a public danger. As a citizen, I'd feel bound to do my utmost to persuade him not to drive—even to prevent him by force if necessary.

There, it seems to me, you have the whole thing in a nutshell. People's private pleasures, private failings, private struggles, are nobody's business but their own. It is only when their actions adversely affect the lives of their fellow-citizens, as when a drunk attempts to drive a car, that anyone is entitled to interfere.

A Little Self-Denial

In this country the Law takes a similar view. There is no penalty for being drunk. Before the Law interferes you have to be drunk and disorderly; you have to be a public nuisance.

That's not to say I always disagree with the moralists who denounce our little indulgences, our private, pleasurable sins. On the contrary. I sometimes fancy a bit of self-denial. There's often far more pleasure to be got out of self-denial than self-indulgence. But the fact that *I* may be enjoying a bit of self-denial, while my neighbour is enjoying a bit of self-indulgence, is no reason for me to denounce him, or even to consider myself a better man than he is. Tomorrow, our positions may be reversed.

But I refuse to plead guilty to lack of principle in this. I am a man of strong principles—if weak practice. One of my strongest principles is the same as Marie Lloyd's: "A little of what you fancy does you good"—with the emphasis, perhaps, on the "little."

As I see it, it's all a question of balance. Life is short, and I want to enjoy every bit of it. But life is not a piece of cake—in any sense of the term. It's more like an electric current, constantly zig-zagging between two opposite poles.

There is nothing tangible you can catch hold of and say: "This is life." Some would say it's a hovering between good and evil; others would call it a hovering between pleasure and pain. At all events, it's a hovering between positive and negative—a sort of tension between opposites.

Try It On The Dog

You can't, for instance, feel pleasure if you haven't felt pain. You can't really feel happy if you've never felt sad. You can't really enjoy eating if you've never known hunger. You can't enjoy idleness if you've never known work. Nor can you really enjoy work if you've never known idleness.

The trouble is that, being human, we often want much more than that. Life, however well balanced, is seldom wholly satisfying.

It's difficult to know why. Some thinkers blame it on the British climate. It seems that in warmer climates people are much more content to take life as it comes. Whereas, in our colder and more uncomfortable climate, we feel a constant urge to change it into something different—or what we prefer to call "better."

My own opinion is that this urge is really a desire for power. It takes many forms. One man may satisfy his urge for power by ruthlessly ordering a dog about; another by ordering his wife about—or she him, as the case may be.

In my own case, it takes the comparatively harmless form of ordering words about, on paper. That's probably because I'm normally a timid, peaceable soul. Given a little more go and gumption, a little more dash and determination, I might have been ordering my fellow men about, on the parade ground. Or I might have become a successful politician. Or a trade union leader.

There's nothing really wrong about this urge for power. Like all natural forces, it can do a great deal of good and it can do a great deal of harm. It depends on the guidance we give it.

That, incidentally, is the beauty of democracy. It may be slow and inefficient in action, compared with a dictatorship. But the fact that many men are each able to exercise a little power does prevent any one man from seizing too much power. Here again, it's all a question of maintaining a balance.

The moral seems to be that one should try to use this urge for power, this bubbling surplus energy, in such a way that it will help to maintain a balanced society, instead of upsetting it.

Which brings me back to the question of denouncing other people's private lives; denouncing the wickedness of Jack, who drinks too much, and the naughtiness of Jill, who goes to the pictures too often. Isn't it simply an easy way of satisfying this urge for personal power, this itch to be a somebody?

You must satisfy the urge somehow, of course. But wouldn't it be far more useful to find out *why* Jack feels driven to drink so much, and *why* Jill needs such constant doses of Hollywood to make her life more tolerable? And then set to work to help them build a more balanced community life, in which they wouldn't feel the need to dope themselves? You'd still be a somebody—but a socially *useful* somebody.

That's how it seems to me, anyway. And that's why I feel no desire to rise up and denounce my neighbour's private pleasures. It may be slackness on my part. But I'm much more inclined to think it's plain common sense.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Gnat bites

by ROFFE THOMPSON

DON'T LET THE LITTLE THINGS of life get you down. They're apt to do so because they're so trivial and so liable to be unseen and unnoticed. Yet these are the real irritations that sap endurance and morale and often make a man almost give up in despair.

Most people can face up to real trouble. It's so big, so easily seen for what it is, so obviously menacing that you've just got to do something about it or else . . . !

You can't go on living with disaster just round the corner.

You've got to adapt yourself to changed situations and make plans to alleviate the trouble. Generally, we succeed. At bottom we're all pretty sensible and pretty resilient where the big things are concerned. We have to be. We couldn't go on living otherwise!

But we're not nearly so sensible where minor troubles are concerned. We behave as if we almost enjoyed giving them the hospitality of our minds!

We let petty quarrels rankle, and little setbacks go on annoying us. We seem to take a ghoulish delight in keeping insults alive, in remembering tiny injuries that often were never meant, and we never give a thought to the damage they are doing to ourselves.

Don't do it. They're dangerous. They can fester and poison the whole of life. Your self-respect demands that you refuse to let life's gnat bites harm you.

IT'S GOING TO BE *Fun!*

Maybe Jack hadn't heard the old saying "never introduce your girl to a pal," but this time things worked out unexpectedly—for his pal!

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY RIX

Reg was about to apologize when the Guardsman shot out his fist and knocked him flat

"SHOW ME A GAL with an innocent baby look, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," said Uncle Joe, "and I watch out for artfulness." The old man set down his tankard and glared round the bar parlour.

Miss Loveday, our barmaid, stopped polishing a glass and dabbed at her hair. "Girls have nicer minds than men," she pointed out. "And that's because they're born that way."

"Never mind how they're born," Uncle Joe told her. "What counts is the way they grow up, and the way most gals grow up is so's no young chap they set their eyes on has a chance. It reminds me of a young nephew of mine in the REME's that started a wireless shop on his gratuity."

"Some innocent girl snapped him up, I suppose?" inquired Miss Loveday, drawing in her upper lip to scrutinize the cupid's bow in her mirror.

"Been engaged to get married," the old man confirmed, "for the best part of nine months, with the business doing well, and then young Jack—that's my nevvy—has to meet his old sergeant in the street.

"He's a chap that by all accounts looks like a cross between Gary Cooper and a maiden's dream, with his hair in waves and full of glamour."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Miss Loveday offered. "Never mind the maiden's dream; give me Gary Cooper!"

"The way it happened was like this," Uncle Joe said. "This gal, Mary, as my nevvy was going to marry come Whitsun, she walks into the shop one morning to give her affianced a hand with his accounts, my nevvy Jack being about as muddle-headed as a turtle about money matters, when what does she see, sitting easy as a lord on the counter and swinging his leg, but this famous Mr. Reg Pollock.

"My nephew clears his throat. 'This is Reg,' he says. 'Used to be my sergeant. I never was much of a soldier and Reg looked after me.'

"Now, this gal had hair swept down on her shoulders like minted gold—and the wide blue eyes to go with it. The sergeant let loose a whistle. 'Oh, boy!' he says to himself, lingering-like. 'This is going to be fun!'

"'Reg has had a bad break,' Jack told her. 'We're going to double up over the shop.'

"That was the start of it.

"Now, this gal Mary had stuck to Jack all through the war. And he never had any idea in his head but her. They'd known each other all their lives. But, with a young gal, well, you never can tell.

"Of course, having the fellow living there was asking for trouble, 'specially as everywhere Jack went he took the sergeant with him.

"At first, it seemed the girl had something on her mind.

"The sergeant was in no hurry to find himself a job, not with Mary around, and this worried her. But Reg had a way with him. He could make the money fly—Jack's money.

"'In the Army,' he said, 'one thing you learn is to show a girl a good time.' After a few days you'd have thought he owned the place, in spite of the fact that he hadn't a couple of shillings of his own to rub together. Not that Jack would ever hear of his pal standing down from any fun they were having. 'This is my treat,' he'd say. 'I've got a nice bit put by for getting married.'

"'You *had* a nice bit,' Mary told him, looking at the sergeant reflective-like, as a gal will who's thinking perhaps she'll change her mind.

"'All Jack has staked me, he's going to get back when I get a job—eh, Jack?' the sergeant said. And I must say he was a great hand at doing the honours.

"HE soon showed he could dance like a dream. He knew all the films and could talk about film stars as if he'd known them all his life. Some evenings they'd go round to the Odeon or up to the West End; sometimes it would be the Palais, and Jack would sit and watch the pair dance. He didn't dance much.

"'A man with your experience and personality, Reg,' she told the sergeant one night on the top of a bus when they were coming back from the dogs, 'ought to be able to get a job easy enough.'

"He looked back at my nephew, sitting behind them. 'Nothing's come along yet with the prospects I'm looking for. But I'm quite happy. Aren't you?'

"'No complaints!' she told him.

"'Some fellows,' he said, dropping his voice, 'don't deserve a girl like you.'

"It would be a few days later she said to my nephew: 'Time hangs heavy on Reg's hands. You've got your work to keep you occupied. I'm going to take Reg round a bit.'

"'That's fine!' Jack told her. He

was always a trusting sort of fellow.

"'Did you tell him?' Reg asked when she got outside the shop.

"She nodded and squeezed his arm. 'I'm so excited,' she said. 'Where shall we go?'

"To see that girl hanging on to this fellow's arm and gazing up soulful into his eyes, you'd have thought butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth. It would have taken a stronger man than Reg to resist her—not that he was trying hard, by all accounts.

"It seems Reg was fond of walking when he was out with a girl by himself. He walked her two miles to the park, and then it was too late to go to the pictures, so they walked home. 'I like home-girls,' he said, wistful-like. 'Girls that know how to cook. We can't very well go back to Jack's place, he never has much to eat. I've never lived so cheap. How about your place, honey?'

"The way she smiled at him would have made a decent chap sick. He sat by the gas fire in her room with his feet up while she cooked him a nice little supper, and after that they talked. It was late when he got back to the shop. Jack was going over the accounts. 'Well?' he said. He was a good-natured lad. 'Have a good time?'

"'Jack, old boy,' the sergeant told him, serious, 'I've got bad news for you.'

"'It's—about Mary?' my nephew said, watching him close.

"'You've got to know some time. But this is going to hurt.'

"'Go on!'

"'She's been changed towards you for some time, Jack, old boy. Not her fault. And when I came along . . .'

"My nephew sat down and thought it over. He never was a chap to show his feelings. 'Well,' he said in the end, 'it don't make no difference between you and me, Reg—if you see what I mean. I never was much to look at.'

"He spoke to Mary next day, and she seemed surprised. 'What has he been telling you?' she asked him, sharp, and he told her, word for word. It hadn't been the sort of talk he'd be likely to forget.

"'Well,' she said, when he'd finished, 'he's taking me out again tonight. What have you got to say to that?'

"It seemed my nevvy hadn't got nothing to say.

"Well, that second night turned out fine and Reg took her for another walk, this time clean up into the West End, and after they'd been hoofing it for the best part of an hour he took her arm affectionate-like. 'Stick by me, baby,' he said. 'We're going to have a fine time.'

"It was unlucky that just then she stumbled against him and, looking over her shoulder, asked a sailor if he wanted all the pavement.

"'Don't you talk to me!' she said when the sailor looked round, 'I've got a man with me who could knock your head off.'

"'I'd like to see him do it!' the sailor said, walking back. 'No offence to you, miss.'

"'Reg!' the girl sang out. 'Do it! Don't think of me! Go on—what are you waiting for?'

"Before either of them knew what was happening they were rolling in the gutter, hammering away like pistons, and by the time the police stopped it there was quite a crowd.

"'Oh, Reg!' she told him, wide-eyed, after she'd found his hat and was dusting him down in a side street, 'you were *wonderful*! I feel weak. I'd like a cup of coffee somewhere.'

"He took her to a teashop and—how it happened he didn't know, but by the time they got out it had cost him seven and ninepence of his own money, and it'd have been eight bob if he hadn't walked out quick to save the tip.

"In fact, it turned out unlucky for him all round, because in Leicester Square a soldier thought Mary smiled at him. He was a husky chap in the Guards and, taking Mary's arm polite-like, claimed she was going with him.

"It was the accidental little push she gave Reg that started it. Reg bumped against the Guardsman and he was just saying he was sorry when the soldier knocked him flat. As Reg pushed up, dazed, the soldier hit him a swing that jarred his teeth and laid him out flat again.

"When the girl saw he wasn't going to get up again until the situation had cleared a bit, she said to the Guardsman: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I've a good mind to give you in charge.' And she called a taxi and got Reg safe inside.

"When they arrived at Mary's place he had to pay eight and ninepence to the driver, and Mary picked out another shilling from the loose change in his hand and gave it to the man as a tip. She bathed the cut over his eye. 'If he hadn't started before you were ready,' she said, 'you'd have killed him. You fighting men!'

"The next day was a Saturday and it was the sergeant's idea to stay in bed on account of the shiner he woke up with and the general feeling of weakness, but, after her surprise at finding him still there, she made him get up and put a patch over his eye.

"The proud way she looked at him would have turned any young fellow's head. 'A day in the fresh air's what you need!' she said. 'I know a little place where we can have lunch, and this time it's *my* treat!'

"To please her, he went. Now, it's one of the truest things ever written that if you're luck's out it's no use trying to change it. You just have to grin and bear it. That fellow Reg certainly was an unlucky fellow.

"At the end of the road the girl dropped her bag over a garden fence owing to a jolt against a post, and what has to come tearing round the corner of the house while Reg is still in mid-air, leaping over the garden palings, but a dog with a personal grievance against everybody.

"Before Reg reached the ground, properly speaking, this dog bit him in three separate places, and, of course, with him scrambling to get out of the garden and yelling blue murder, it just made it a field day for the dog.

"'Fancy people keeping a savage brute like that!' Mary said. She had to admit she had never seen one pair of trousers go so far. Every time he got the full effect of those wide blue eyes, his heart gave a skip and he didn't care about dogs, or sailors, or anything.

"But his luck did not improve. That afternoon he got thrown off a bus, hit in the face by a barman, kicked by a man selling fruit off a barrow, and hit over the head by an old lady with an umbrella.

"Of course, round about the time it got to be evening, the poor fellow, what with that umbrella and the soulful way this girl kept gazing up at him, well—he felt a bit dazed. He had a feeling that he was always a move or two behind, on account of the next thing happening before he'd really had time to get over the last.

"'I think I'll get back to the shop and have a bit of a lie up,' he told her. 'I'm tired.'

"She was buttoning her glove, and stopped short. 'Back to the *shop*?' she said, lost-like. Then she flashed a smile at him. 'But you haven't had your surprise!'

"'I'm tired,' he argued, but she took him off to her cousin's garage where he kept his car and, no one being around, she ran it out. 'Look!' she said. 'A beauty! You're going to take me for a lovely drive.'

"'After a bit of argument he got in and off they went. 'Well,' she said, when they were out on the by-pass, 'we should be safe now. My cousin doesn't care much about people taking his car, but he's an old dear, really! Let her out, Reg!'

"Of course, anyone with any sense would have got out of that car there and then. But not Reg! He was thinking—let the other fellow worry. Well, it wasn't long before they pulled in behind another car at the traffic lights and the girl, playful-like, leaned over and blared away on the horn.

"'Hey,' he shouted, 'they're waiting on the lights, same as us.' Then his jaw dropped. 'Gosh! It's a police car!'

"A traffic cop poked his head out and looked back with a scowl on his face. 'Lost something?' the girl asked, and Reg gulped. '*Ssh!*' he whispered, and when the lights changed he tried to make a dash for it, but the police car caught up and edged them into the side of the road.

"'You seem to be in a hurry,' a policeman said, getting out.

"'This car will do eighty,' Mary told him. 'We've been touching seventy most of the way. Such a lovely road!'

"'Can I see your licence?' the cop said.

"'Now, don't be silly,' Mary told him. 'How can he have a licence when he's only just learning to drive? Besides, it isn't as if it were his car and insured and everything!'

"'Who's the owner of this vehicle?' the cop demanded.

"'Oh, he doesn't know we've got it!'

"'You must realize it's very dangerous to drive at seventy miles an hour in a built-up area?'

"'Oh, officer,' she said, 'you're just trying to be officious. He'd never have gone half so fast if he'd been sober.'

"This fellow Reg's eyes were bulging and he was having a job with his breath. Like a man walking in his sleep he ducked from behind the wheel and broke into a half run down the pavement.

"'Don't worry about him, officer,' the girl said. 'He's all right, and so am I—now. For heaven's sake don't fetch him back again!'

"It didn't take a girl like her long to explain, and after it was all over she drove back to the shop. 'Jack,' she said, 'bear up! Your old pal has gone, and you won't see him again. He doesn't seem to like me any more.' She looked at him close. 'You haven't any more old pals who used to be nice to you?'

"'Only Reg,'' he said. 'Why?'

"'It doesn't matter,' she said, 'because we're going to be married next week at the register office.'

"'What register office?' my nephew asked.

"'While you've still got something put by. And then, when we're married,' she said, 'I shall be working in the shop, watching the money. Oh, I *do* think it's a good idea of yours!'

"'What is?' my nephew wanted to know.

"There are some folks," said Uncle Joe, "as want everything explained."

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Stumped

"Oh, *well played, sir!*" said the Man in the Panama Hat.

"What! Weren't you watching?" he snorted, turning to me and blowing through his bushy white moustache.

"Yes. Yes, of course," I said, waking up with a start and peering at the white figures on the cricket pitch. "Not very much action, though, is there?"

"Eh? Never seen a faster game in my life! Why we've had a six and three fours and we haven't been here two hours yet. *Nice shot, sir!*"

"Lord Inverchapel, the new British Ambassador to Washington, recently said that he thinks cricket is the dullest game ever invented."

"Our ambassador! The man's a pagan, sir."

"He said he was looking forward to watching baseball."

"No wonder the Empire is going to the dogs. Couldn't help thinking so when I saw the victory procession. Men from all the fighting services but not a single cricket eleven."

★ ★ ★

"Wouldn't they have looked a bit out of place in white flannels?"

"Out of place? Why? Damme, if I had my way, I'd have made victory week an opportunity to show the might of Britain to all our Empire visitors. *Run, sir, run! Ah, he's done it!* I'd take them on free tours to the scenes of England's historic battles—Lord's, the Oval, the playing fields of Eton, Old Trafford."

"Be a bit dull, wouldn't it?"

"Sir, I believe you're one of those cads who thinks that cricket ought to be brightened up. If you ask me, the game's been too damned bright ever since they introduced longer stumps in 1931. *Go back, you fool, go back! There! What did I tell you?*"

★ ★ ★

"I was thinking they might improve cricket by using some of the discoveries made during the war."

"Eh, what? Cricket may be war, my boy, but atom bombs are definitely not cricket."

"They might use radar, then the game could be played in fog."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"All right, then, disperse the fog as they did on aerodromes by using FIDO flares all round the ground."

"And roast the spectators alive, I suppose. Rubbish! *Oh, pretty, sir, pretty.*"

"Or they might introduce BLUTO."

"*Caught it! Well, I'm blowed!*" BLUTO! You mean PLUTO, sir. Pipe Line Under The Ocean."

"No, BLUTO—Body Line Under The Oval."

"Blasphemy, sir! *Ah, tea interval.*"

"They could call the plan 'Operation Googly'."

"Upon my soul, I believe you're one of those Reds. If we give up the Empire, whom shall we have to play cricket against?"

Flt. Lt. Ben Parkin left the R.A.F. to win Stroud in the Election. He is joint hon. sec. of the Commons' branch of the British Legion

LET'S GO THE WHOLE WAY IN PENSIONS

by BEN PARKIN, M.P.

THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS has got the wrong name. It is a negative and limited title. For a quarter of a century the Ministry has struggled against that disadvantage.

There's more in this name business than is generally thought. If the mother of a family were described as "The Keeper of the Housekeeping Accounts," the very stupidity of that title would have its practical consequences.

It has been suggested that a more suitable name would be the Ministry of Rehabilitation. Here again, there is clumsiness. I hope someone will think of a shorter word for a process that goes beyond a mere matter of syllables.

Whatever it may be, the word will need to describe the real job of the present Minister of Pensions. The removal of money worries is only part of that massive task.

Broken bodies and broken hearts are the Minister's business. The objective is to get disabled men back into society—to make them full citizens living a full life. It is not the Minister's purpose to pay them off and forget them. Human beings aren't broken-winded horses to be turned out to meagre pastures.

But we have not got the money side tidied up by any means. There are still anomalies and injustices to be removed—hardships to be overcome and meannesses to obviate.

A good Minister of Pensions needs to combine two great characteristics—human kindliness and hard-headed common sense. Ex-Yorkshire miner, Wilfred Paling, was a good Attlee choice.

He is going to be famous as a Minister. Not only because of his own qualities, but because if he gets the right kind of support, he will, in the lifetime of this Parliament, settle the problem of pensions and allowances once and for all.

This done, he and his Ministry will be free to concentrate on the real human creative work that goes with the word "rehabilitation."

The standing of the Ministry of Pensions tends to fluctuate fairly violently. The "Improvements in War Pensions" White Paper issued towards the end of last year was good. Very good. There were plenty of bouquets and a minimum of brickbats for the Minister during this honeymoon period.

Promise of Better Things

Increased disablement pensions, a special hardship allowance, abolition of the abominable deduction for so-called "home savings" when a patient was in hospital—these were first-rate reforms.

Above all, the White Paper partially dealt with the heartless and miserable rule under which no marriage allowances were paid to pensioners who married after they suffered their disabilities. Marriage allowances are now payable if the marriage took place within ten years of leaving the Service.

But much of the merit of the White Paper lay in its rich and obvious promise of better things to come. These are now the objective—of the Minister of Pensions no less than those of us in Parliament who are pension-conscious. That means practically every one of us.

Not all the defences erected by shortsighted parsimony have been pulverized; but the main wall of pauper conceptions in pensions administration have been breached. Now for the mopping up operations.

Now, JOHN BULL readers have in the past had their attention drawn to the effects of the ten-year limit on post-injury marriage allowances. That limit must go and go quickly.

The White Paper improvement on this point was a compromise—and a clumsy one at that.

Wilfred Paling does not pretend it is anything else. Like us, he is not impressed by those meaner-minded opponents of reform who argue that, if the time-limit on the allowance were dropped, designing women would contrive death-bed marriages in order to make money.

If a pensioner actually dies as a result of his disability a pension may now be granted to his widow and children no matter when he was married. The Minister must have been as pleased as his supporters when he was able to see this particular clause slipped through.

For, logically, it removed every argument in favour of the time-limit on marriages. He was hammered in the House on this point, and it was evident that his formal defence of the time-limit did not come from the heart.

The exact position at present is that those who married within ten years of leaving the Service after the first World War are getting allowances. Of course, all those cases arising from the war just ended will be secure in the near future.

What possible reason can there be then for withholding allowances from the first World War pensioners who could not marry within the specified years?

In many cases, the only reason these men did not marry within the specified ten-year period was because of the extra years — yes, I mean that, *years*—spent in hospital.

If there had been any sense at all in the silly statement that "ten years is long enough for a man to make his mind up," then surely the ten years should have dated from discharge from hospital.

The fact is that it was not so laid down because of the evasive "we must draw the line somewhere" attitude. Why must we? The drawing of a line means injustice to thousands of honest, brave men and their families.

Not only is there a financial injustice to men who fought and suffered in the first World War. At the same time we create a psychological deterrent to the recovery of many injured in this war.

Barriers Must Be Removed

Our hospitals still have their pathetic populations of young men who perhaps for years to come will have to undergo painful treatment before they can be as others, living normal lives with their loved ones.

However long it takes and however much it costs, the duty of the nation is to bring Service pensioners back, not as a class apart, but as normal members of society playing their full part.

Whatever financial barriers stand between this policy as a theory and its operation in fact must be removed. First comes the right of the pensioner to a full family life, well above the poverty line.

And there is another time-limit that must be ended—the seven-year limit on pension applications. Every JOHN BULL reader will know cases in civil life where an accident which had no apparent ill-effects proved many years later to be the cause of serious, protracted illness.

Anyone who has had anything to do with ex-Servicemen's problems between the wars can cite tragic cases of suffering which could not be dealt with by the Minister of Pensions because of that savage, indefensible seven-year rule.

There are a number of further overdue improvements. For example, the supplementing of pensions of the seriously disabled. This needs to be increased. War orphans' allowances at 13s. 6d. a week are quite inadequate; £1 is the figure we want and hope to get.

We want really effective machinery under which pensioners can appeal against their assessments.

"Not only must justice be done, but it must be made apparent to everybody that it is being done." How truly this applies to Service pensions!

Such machinery has been promised. It is eagerly awaited.

This vast pensions system is a massive human problem. There are in Service records numbers of cases of injustice outstanding since the South African War. Such old cases do not even come under the Ministry of Pensions at the moment. They are in the hands of the Service departments.

Clean up the lot of them, Mr. Paling!

If you want help in convincing the Cabinet, you'll get it. We shall be solidly behind you!

ADVICE TO WILFRED PALING, PENSIONS MINISTER. "Settle the money side, once and for all. Clear up the old heartbreaks. Then concentrate on getting the disabled men back into society"

Free Speech

PITY THE POOR BACHELOR

Cars reserved for disabled • Overcrowding should count most • Propaganda by brides • How to grow a beanfeast • Menu for a dinner • The grumbling British • Two viewpoints on bricks

WHY DOES NOT SOME enterprising concern build blocks of flatlets in provincial towns for us poor bachelors? There must be hundreds of single men leading miserable lives in bed-sitting-rooms. They pay high rents and, in my experience, seldom have the means of making themselves even a cup of tea.

The bachelors are forced to eat out, and, in my case, this costs £2 a week out of my wage of £5. With laundry and other essentials to pay for, I am left with the glorious sum of six shillings for clothing and amusements.

Many people (including the Chancellor of the Exchequer) still think that bachelors are millionaires.—"SINGLE," Aldershot, Hants. (Name and address enclosed.)

Driving it Home

MY THREE-YEAR-OLD SON ran across the road right in front of a bus. The driver managed to pull up almost on top of him. Imagine my surprise—and

"A good spanking"

delight—when the driver climbed out, chased my boy into our house and gave him a good spanking.

Whenever he crosses the road now my son keeps a lookout for buses.—HARRY KINLOCH, 8 Main Street, Hill of Beath, Crossgates, Fifeshire.

Disabled Drivers

I APPLIED TO THE Ministry of Transport for a certificate to enable me to buy an ex-Service reconditioned car. They told me that these cars are reserved for ex-Servicemen whose disability assessment for pension purposes is greater than mine.

My disability is sixty per cent through the loss of my right leg. Surely anyone with a higher assessment of disability would not prove very helpful in keeping the roads free from accidents.—H. F., South Gosford, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Name and address enclosed.)

Homes on Points

AFTER APPLYING TO the housing allocation committee for a council house, I received a letter saying that I had been awarded nine and a half points. Five were for my war service, two for my wife and myself, half a point for our baby and two points "for overcrowding."

Surely overcrowding should be the deciding factor, not war service? The Ministry of Health should be more interested in overcrowding than anything else. — L.A.C. IAN MACKAY, R.A.F., Yatesbury, near Calne, Wilts.

Bridal Envoys

WITH THE STEADILY INCREASING number of British brides arriving here, we in Canada are beginning to learn what life in war-time Britain was really like. We grumble about rationing in Canada, but we cannot look round and see bomb-shattered buildings or the graves of air raid victims.

All we hear about Britain makes us want to see your famous buildings and historical landmarks. I am sure the letters of brides who have come out here will make the people at home want to see Canada.

I look forward to the time when cheap travel makes exchange visits easy.—MARGARET BELL, 16 Woodbridge Road, Bartonville, Ontario, Canada.

Seeds in a Sock

THE BEST GARDENING TIP I ever had came from a friend a couple of weeks ago. He told me to put my runner beans in an old sock and bury them for a few days. I did, and when I dug them up I found them in perfect condition, with growing shoots over an inch long.

Planted out this month, seed treated like this will catch up with seed put in weeks earlier.—CHARLES E. WELCH, 40 Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

Mother's Pride

I DREAD GOING OUT for a walk in the afternoon. I am twenty-one and have three little sons aged three, nearly two, and six months.

Whenever I take them out, I hear people saying, "Fancy, three children at that age."

I want to feel proud, but remarks like this make me think I ought to be ashamed.—AUDREY JOYCE, 31 Brighton Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

Chips off a Block

I BOUGHT THREE-PENNYWORTH of chipped potatoes the other day and when I counted them I found eleven chips. I could have bought two pounds of potatoes for the same money.—MISS B. TAYLOR, 18 Purley Road, Leicester.

Anyone Hungry?

MY BROTHER IS A COOK with the British Forces abroad and has just sent me a menu for one of the dinners which he helped to prepare. It reads: Onion soup, fish and chips, roast beef with brown sauce, Yorkshire pudding, roast and creamed potatoes, boiled carrots, green peas, creamed spinach, savoury cheese, fruit salad, nuts and coffee.

The dinner was for twenty officers. I hope I shall not make your readers too dissatisfied with their rations.—MISS B. W., Old Basford, Birmingham. (Name and address enclosed.)

Happy Grumbling

AS A HOMELESS FOREIGNER in 1940, I shall never forget the welcome I had from the British people. I, and many others, knew very little about this country, except that it was an island and an Ally.

We soon learned a lot. We learned, for instance, that, although the British are always grumbling and seem on the verge of revolution, they are in fact, very sure of their precious freedom. How many countries can feel that?—EUGENE MEHAT, 3 West Stewart Street, Greenock.

Tally-Ho

YOUR FEATURE, "With My Feet Up," abounds in subtle humour. It personifies the real Englishman, with his dry humour and tongue in cheek, pointing out his shortcomings, but giving him that disguised pat on the back. It is rich in wit but has a punch like a mule running through it. Good luck to you, Ian—you old Fox.—THOMAS BLACKMORE, 7 St. Mark's Street, Wakefield, Yorks.

Money for Old Rope

IN 1926, WHEN LABOURERS were paid tenpence an hour and skilled engineers earned £2 15s. 0d. a week, I went into the salvage business. Within four months I was earning four pounds a week and my capital outlay was nothing.

I wonder whether young men today are lacking in vision or courage. Already local authorities are complaining of sagging salvage returns. With a pony and float I could average seven or eight pounds a week now, collecting scrap from wayside garages and farms, and collecting fodder for my pony at the same time.

It is an idea for a lad with enterprise. There is a lot of money in waste.—ALEXANDER DUTHIE, Chapel Street, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire.

Time-table for Drinks

NOW THAT BEER IS SHORT AGAIN and public houses are opening at erratic hours, publicans should stick up outside their doors, at the beginning of every

"Opening at erratic hours"

week, a "time-table" of the hours when they will be open each day. This would not take long to work out, and it would be a great blessing to customers.—R. THOMAS, Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

Yes, and Again, No

I AM A BRICKLAYER and you would think there was plenty for me to do. But I have been out of work for a fortnight. Whenever I approach a building firm for a job I always get the same excuse, "shortage of bricks."—E. G., Middlesbrough, Yorks. (Name and address enclosed.)

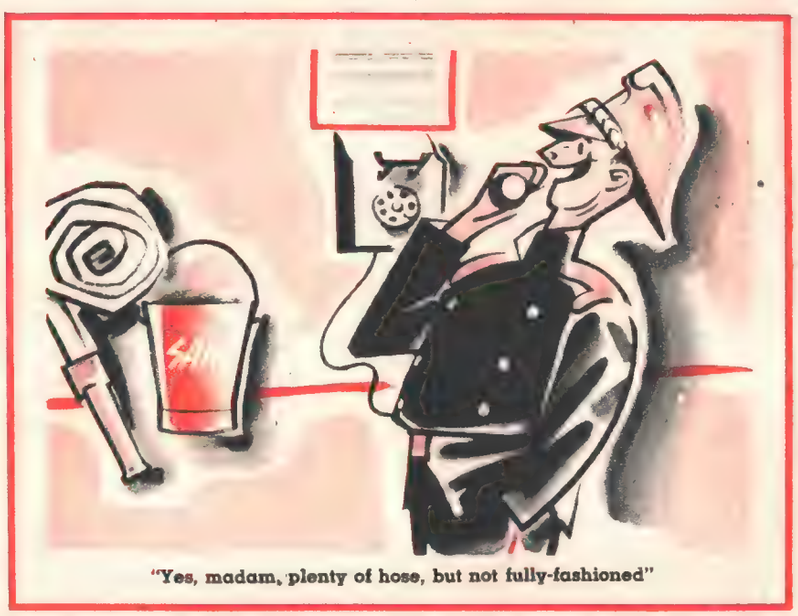
AS I HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE in the making of kiln bricks, I wrote to a large brickworks for an interview about a job. My letter has not even been acknowledged. I wonder whether the brick shortage is as serious as is being made out.—J. T. BROPHY, 111 Sandywell Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester 11.

Cowboys and Bulls

YOUR READER WAS RIGHT when he said the average "Wild West" cowboy could not hit a barn door with a revolver shot. But a cowboy would not be alone in this. Very few people can score a "possible" at fifteen yards with a revolver. The short barrel makes accurate shooting nearly impossible at anything but point-blank range.—J. R., Southwell Road, Rainworth, Notts.

Tracing Old Pals

MANY MEN RECENTLY demobilized will want to find the home addresses of their ex-Service friends so that they can renew old acquaintances. I have found that letters addressed to the Corps Record Office and bearing a man's Army number, rank and name are forwarded by the Army authorities to the last-known home address.—R. MORRIS, 55 Monkmoor Avenue, Shrewsbury.



"Yes, madam, plenty of hose, but not fully-fashioned"

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

MAKING POLITENESS PAY

by HILDE MARCHANT

Mrs. H. L. Millman, formerly a Senior Commander in the ATS, now helps to solve the problems of three thousand shopgirls

War conditions gave shop assistants a reputation for rudeness. But now the big stores have a welfare plan to bring back the shopgirl's smile

THERE WAS A ROW GOING ON at the stocking counter. The shopgirl had snapped at the customer, "No fully fashioneds—can't you read?" The customer had snapped back something about under the counter, and both looked ready to throw things until the shopwalker intervened.

It was, of course, nobody's fault, but the customer always blames the shopkeeper and harbours a long grievance.

Before the war, the girl behind the counter would have got the sack, but today the welfare officer comes over and says, "Have a cup of tea and tell me about it."

Wearily the girl tells her story. Her husband is an ex-prisoner of war, he is ill, the rent and the coal bill have not been paid and he needs extra milk. Every penny of her wage goes in keeping the house together. She is having only one meal a day and is walking between bus stops. Because she is tired and worried, the daily cry over her counter for fully fashioneds seems trivial.

Fresh from the Forces

During the war she was in the Forces. She had good food, clothes, billets and everything provided. Back on the other side of the counter she feels she can no longer cope with the struggles and absurdities of civilian life. In the meantime, the customer is now telling her neighbours how rude and independent shopgirls have become.

This is one of the typical cases which Mrs. H. L. Millman, late Senior Commander of the ATS, has to handle as welfare officer of a large London store with nearly 3,000 shopgirls. Through her office come all the worries and trials—some real, some fancied—of the girls in the big store, a background picture which gives human feeling and a possible excuse for the impatient "No."

The big stores are seriously worried over the war-time reputation for rudeness and incivility that has gathered round their names, so they have started a campaign for politeness. They realize that shortage of stock and lack of trained staff were partly responsible but there are other causes, and they have appointed welfare officers, usually women with Service experience, to try to remove them.

When Mrs. Millman first took over her job she spent some time diagnosing this bad temper from the other side of the counter. She found that most of the trouble sprang from domestic or financial troubles, and for these there was no easy solution.

Other cases were simpler. For flat feet and toothache a doctor and dentist were called in. For counter and customer monotony, the solution was the mid-shift break for tea and a gossip: "Didn't know what she wanted. Had every colour and shape out of the box and then didn't buy a button." Once that was soothed by tea and sympathy, the day passed more smoothly.

For more acute cases of shop hysteria, produced by six years' coupon snipping and the torment of working out three and three-quarter yards double width, a shopgirls' convalescent home has been arranged. Here they can relax by the sea and calm their nerves by counting the endless waves.

These surface cures were easy to provide, but the real troubles were in the hours the girls spent outside the shop. Nagged at home by a dozen problems, a girl would let her feelings loose on the customer and keep the circumstances to herself. Mrs. Millman got their confidence in a natural way.

"They mainly prefer to put on a proud indifference, but once behind that 'shop front' and you get to know just what a host of small troubles can mean," she told me.

It may be that the assistant who is slapping a converted flower basket on a frivolous grey head is wondering whether mother-in-law will preach a sermon when she and her husband want to go out dancing. It may be that the rather weary and pale young girl stabbing pins in the hem of a model is working out the difference between a salmon sandwich, a cheese roll and the gas bill.

So most of Mrs. Millman's work rests in home visiting. She has to talk tactfully to mothers and mothers-in-law. She has to pacify the pride of the young husband, who does not want his wife away working but cannot afford to keep her. Sometimes she asks the firm to make a contribution to household debts.

Domestic Friction

A great deal of friction arises because young married couples have to live with their parents. The wives quarrel in the kitchen, accusing each other of taking rations. There is no privacy after the day's work and old and young, packed in one front room, turn small domestic troubles into major quarrels. Some of the older women are, after lonely war years, possessive, and regard the new partner as an intrusion on the family relationship.

"This type of woman does not realize that young people have come back from the Services with a character and will of their own. After all, six years of adult life have been spent away from home, and it is natural that a young wife resents her marriage being controlled," said Mrs. Millman.

The tart answer in these rows, she added, is the usual, "Whose house is it anyway?" and it is aggravated when the young wife goes to work and has an independent wage. On these occasions the welfare officer either visits the home or invites the older woman to the store to talk things over. It needs tact, for many good shop assistants have been lost over mother trouble.

Some of the most pathetic homes she visits are the one-roomed flats of single women, often costing them two-thirds of their pay to keep going. These women rarely go out, have practically no companions, and are completely forsaken when ill.

Loneliness and worry produce the snappy spinster type, jealous of the young girl who dashes in to buy a pair of earrings or a gay necklace. It may be that the assistant is moved over to a more sober counter—haberdashery or felt slippers—but usually an invitation to a staff dance or a small loan will take the scowl off her face and restore good service to the company. That, after all, is the purpose of this new accent on shop welfare.

Young, single girls, coming out of the Forces, often miss the communal life and dormitory chatter, so plans have been made to open a shopgirls' hostel in the West End. There they will be able to live cheaply, gossip to their hearts' content.

Sometimes a whole counter goes surly. The welfare officer notices the girls in a frequent huddle, inattentive and grumbling. She waits until they go to the canteen.

They Were "Bossed"

They tell her the chief assistant has been "bossing" them, making them stay after closing hours to straighten the handkerchief stand or put price tags on a new lot of buckles. A little wise talking to both sides usually pacifies the girls.

When a new girl joins the staff nowadays she is not just dumped behind a counter and left to survive. She is first given a "medical" and graded. Then there are a series of talks by members of the staff on courtesy, salesmanship, quick methods of counting change and making up bills—"If it is a dozen, take ten and add two"—and a friendly introduction to others who will work with her.

All this because the shopgirl's smile is being valued as one of the chief assets of the big store.

For example, in one morning's diary, Mrs. Millman ordered flowers for a wedding and a cake for a patient. She made an appointment with the doctor for a hammer-head toe in the crockery department and arranged a bonus for a woman clerk going on sick leave.

She checked the absentee list and found two girls late because of the previous night's dance but, as they had been honest about it, no pay was docked; just a warning not to do it again.

She arranged for a hospital bed for the child of one of the fitters, talked to the mother of a girl who was constantly tired because she had housework to do every evening. She settled in two new girls and tried to smooth out a spot of bother between two assistants and a supervisor.

Is this homely help and attention having any effect on the service over the counter?

The stores think it is. As I left Mrs. Millman's office I bought two skeins of darning wool and received—the right colour, a farthing change and a smile from the assistant.

Another 26 Free Holidays!

Next Saturday, reader Harry S. Michaelson will be off to the sea! Leaving their London home, he and his wife will be bent for Bournemouth, for a glorious holiday week arranged by *John Bull*. On the same day a Hull man, reader J. J. Jordan, will be taking his wife and four-year-old kiddie to Scarborough.

These readers, and over 100 others, have recently won Free Holidays and big cheques with a few simple words on a *Bullets* coupon such as yours below. Another 26 Free Holidays accompany this week's offer of £500 and other fine cash prizes; there is room for *you* amongst the winners!

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,530

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:

A. SHIPTON, 3 Pettits Road, Dagenham:

Where We're Going—"Room" For You—Harvesting!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: J. Potts, 5 Reynards Road, Welwyn, Herts: **On The Peace Front—Seeking Basis? Sneaking Bases!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: A. J. Crighton, 20 Keble Road, Leicester: **Happily—I Dig, Recalling "Digs."** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: J. Riggins, 469 Gallowgate, Glasgow: **More Than Victors Expected—Carrying Vanquished "On Shoulders."** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: A. M. Casely, 13 Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh: **Team Of Experts—Hastened Victory—Delaying Peace?**

£10 WINNERS: Miss R. Balcombe, Little Clayhams, Ticehurst, Sussex: **Where We're Going—"Uphill"—Needs "Good Heart."** W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, Staffs.: **In The Black Market—Shortage Of—Officials' Noses!** P. Gee, 36 Astor Road, Burnage, Manchester: **Starvation Diet—Newsprint, So Rumours "Swallowed."** J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol: **Got The Biggest—Gooseberry, Tomato, Cabbage—*Head*!** T. King, 2 St. James Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent: **Village Constable—Alert—Newcomer's Name, Jasper!** H. H. Lane, 60 Avondale Road, Ashford, Mjddx.: **Village Constable—On Holiday—Same Corner!** S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: **When She's Away—I'm *Another* "Neglected Crock."** C. J. Sanders, 2 Leinster Square, London, W.2: **Breathing Fire—Umpire—Handed Eleventh Sweater!**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

26 Free Holidays.

£500 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; 10 of £10, each plus Holiday; 50 of £1; 1,500 New Prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

VICTORY'S FRUITS
UNCLE SAM
WHEN NOBODY WANTS
SCIENTIST OF TOMORROW
SICK AND TIRED
GLORIOUS SUMMER
RECRUITING
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY
NEVER SAY DIE AND
NO GOOD
WITHOUT HER
MAN TO MAN
CUPBOARD LOVE
VISION OF BEAUTY
DAD'S DOG

TO CROWN EVERYTHING
IT'S TORTURE, BUT
GRANDPA FORGETS
DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

ON TOP OF.....
TEMPTING.....
HALF-WAY TO.....
DOWN IN THE.....
LOOKING AFTER.....
BETTER TO.....THAN

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,534 (or XWORD 486); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (July 6) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,534 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 24

I agree to rules and enclose

P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated July 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 482 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Snarl. 6, Tip. 7, Rise. 12, Ball. 13, Tory. 14, Cad. DOWN: 1, Sharp. 2, Aims. 3, Wop. 4, Pet. 5, Fire. 8, Cramped. 9, Guile. 10, Fencer. 11, Lift.

£100 SHARERS: S. G. Gosling, Whetstone; K. Harvey, Birmingham; Mrs. J. Piercy, Broadstairs; Miss J. P. S. Piercy, Broadstairs; J. Scholes, Hull.

Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 41 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, June 24.

Across Clues.

2. Smallness of this is something to be ashamed of
3. When selecting a bowler, choose one with good this
6. May not be good for a gallop
7. Even the finest ones are liable to get chipped at times
12. Makes money for somebody
14. Actor might find difficulty in displaying this of seaman
15. Conscientious writer is likely to find his style often becoming

Down Clues.

1. As a man gets older, boot becomes more difficult to
4. Even in this a few flowers grow
5. Reserve acts as protection so that this doesn't suffer
8. In football game, strong one may well greatly assist one half
9. Iron is an important one these days
10. Be careful how you crack one
11. Has been known to be successfully faked
13. It may not be easy to keep this in very hot weather

1	■	2	A	G	E	■	3	I	4 M
A	5 P	■	6 R	O	A	■	■	S	A
7 C	R	■	C	K	S	■	D	O	R
E	I	■	T	■	E	8 W	E	■	■
■	■	■	I	9 T	■	I	N	10 C	H
11 F	E	■	12 C	O	■	N	E	R	■
■	■	13	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
V	■	O	M	I	T	■	E	B	B
E	G	O	■	C	O	M	A	■	A
14 R	O	L	■	486	15 W	O	R	■	Y

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated July 6. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 24

486

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

A team of experts is waiting to help you over your problems. Send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service and stop worrying

Repairs to House

"A PIPE BURST IN MY HOUSE and the landlord has sent me the bill for its repair. Am I liable for this?

"When I paid the rent the landlord deducted the amount of the bill and put me down as being in arrears in the rent book? Is he in order in doing this?"

✓ If the burst pipe was due to your neglect to take proper precautions you may be liable to pay the cost of the repair; but not otherwise unless you have an agreement to do all repairs.

The landlord's action in putting down your rent as being in arrears is illegal.

Died Without Will

"WHEN MY MOTHER died she left the house to my sister and me. My sister has since died. She left no will and had no children. Can her husband claim the half share of the house?"

✓ If the house was left as a partnership, your sister's husband would be able to claim his wife's share of the property. But if it was left to you and your sister jointly it would all pass to you as the survivor. The answer depends on the exact wording of your mother's will.

Keeping Chickens

"THE LANDLORD WILL NOT allow me to keep chickens, although I have heard that the law which, during the war, enabled one to do so has been extended. Is he empowered to prevent me?"

✓ The Defence Regulations permit you to keep chickens whether your tenancy agreement prohibits it or not, provided you do not create a nuisance. The regulations have been extended for five years.

Stolen Parcel

"MY SON IS SERVING in the Middle East. I sent him a parcel sewn in canvas and strongly tied, but it arrived opened, with the contents removed. Can I do anything?"

✓ The Army authorities are making every effort to curb such thefts and are anxious that cases should be reported. Write to the Officer Commanding, Army Postal Centre, Royal Engineers, Nottingham, giving details of the date of dispatch, packing, contents, etc. It may be useful in linking up with other cases now being investigated.

Pension Reduction

"WOULD A PENSIONER have a supplementary pension reduced if she sub-let rooms in a house she occupies? The declaration requires that a pensioner has not earned more than 10s. 6d. during the week, and my contention is that if the rooms were sub-let for no more than 10s. 6d. the allowance would not be affected. Is this right?"

✓ No. A supplementary pension may be reduced if rooms are sub-let. The supplementary pension includes a rent allowance, and this would naturally be reduced in the circumstances. The rule to which you refer about disregarding the first 10s. 6d. a week applies to earnings—not to any other form of income.

NAAFI Service

"I SERVED FOUR YEARS in the NAAFI in this country. Am I entitled to a gratuity?"

✓ Sorry, but your service in the NAAFI in this country does not entitle you to a gratuity.

Damaged Rooms

"MY HOUSE WAS DAMAGED by a bomb in 1940, and my wife and I and a six-year-old son have to share the only usable bedroom. I have repeatedly reminded the agent about his promise to get the room repaired, but I am still waiting. The sanitary inspector has told him to get the work done but with no effect. What can I do?"

✓ If rooms are not habitable you are not obliged to pay rent for them, and your total rent should be reduced in proportion. If the house was controlled prior to 1939, and the landlord has added the statutory increase of 40 per cent, he is obliged to do the repairs.

Should he refuse, you should get a certificate from the sanitary inspector, serve it on the landlord, and then withhold 40 per cent of the rent until the repairs are done.

Tenancy Transfer

"SOON I SHALL BE LEAVING the council house in which I have lived for fourteen years. If I let my eldest son take the house, can the council turn him out?"

✓ Unless you can obtain the council's consent to the transfer of the tenancy to your son, he may be compelled to quit. There is bound to be a long waiting list of people in need of homes, and houses are allocated to those whose need is greatest.

Benefit Overpaid

"I WAS OUT OF WORK through illness for twelve weeks. The insurance company paid me 19s. a week for the first five weeks. Later I was told that this should have been 17s. This overpayment was deducted in weekly instalments. I am told the weekly amount would have been 19s., but my card was one stamp short. Am I being fairly treated?"

✓ The rate of 17s. was correct, and the approved society had the right to recover the overpaid amount by deducting 2s. a week from the benefit due.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND your general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

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For wood, iron, brick or plaster surfaces.

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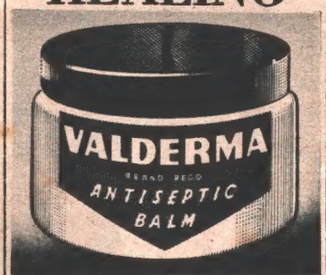

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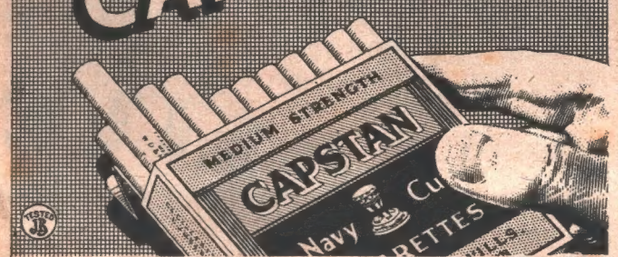

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